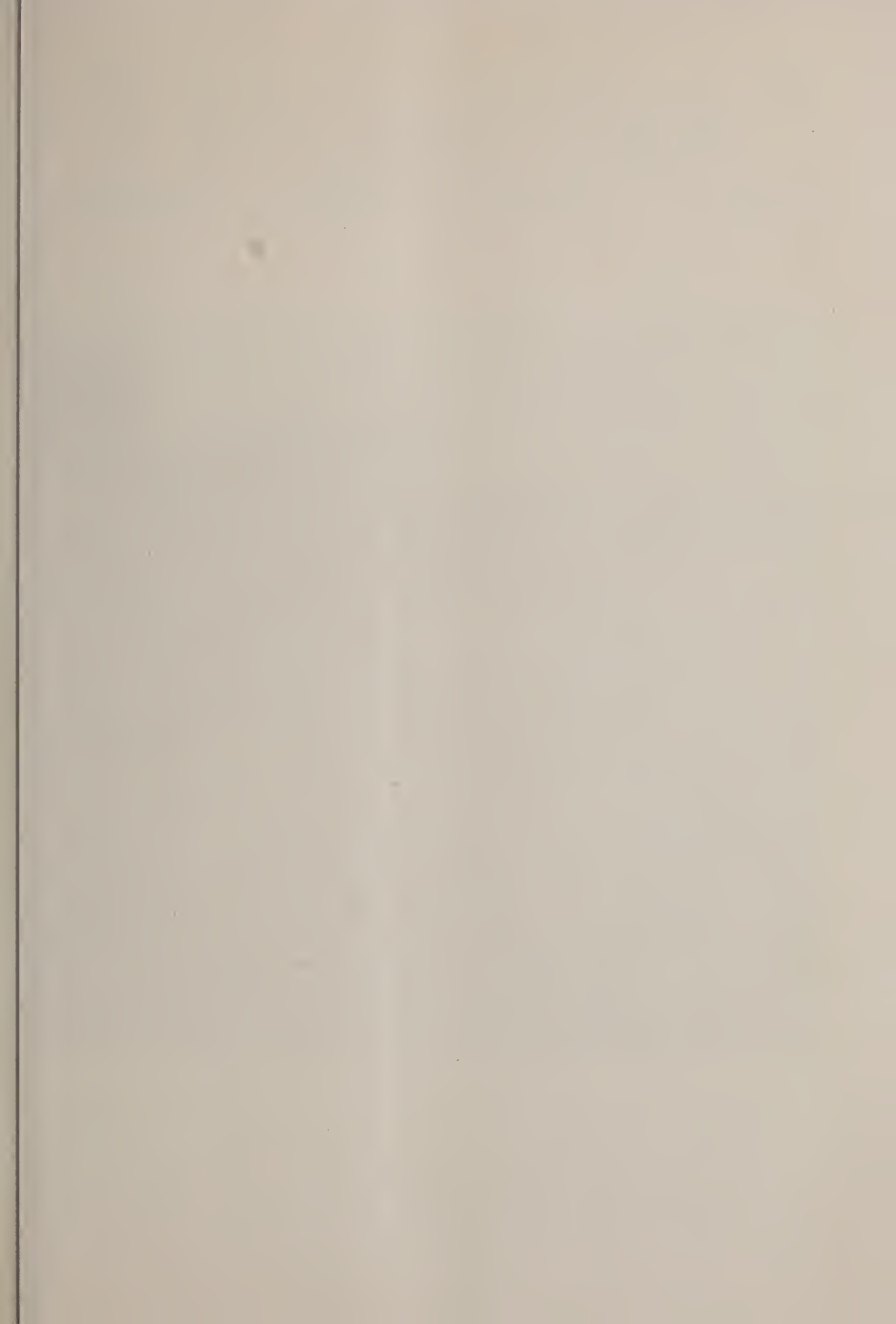


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BATHING GHATS AT BENARES. (See page 100.)

Life and Light

Vol. XL

MARCH, 1910

No. 3

Mrs. C. M. Lamson, Editor of LIFE AND LIGHT for the past seven years, finds that several reasons unite to convince her that she must now lay down FAREWELL the editorial care. It is with keen regret, and with prayerful WORD. good wishes for the future of the magazine and for all its readers that she sends out this March number, the last for which she will provide.

The Editorial Committee of LIFE AND LIGHT voice the feeling of the readers of that magazine in expressing sincere regret that the one who has A WORD OF served us so faithfully and efficiently for the past seven APPRECIATION. years, now lays down her tasks. Mrs. Lamson has shown great skill and discrimination in the selection of material to bring our special work before us, while her own editorial contributions have been marked by a broad outlook over the entire field of the non-Christian world and sympathy with workers of all denominations. Our best wishes follow Mrs. Lamson as she changes her place of residence from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. One so well equipped for wide usefulness is not likely to lack opportunity for service.

G. H. C.

Dr. Mary Eleanor Stephenson, who has been spending several months with her family in Brooklyn, N. Y., because of impaired health, sailed MISSIONARY January 29th to rejoin her associate, Dr. Ruth Hume, at the PERSONALS. Ahmednagar Hospital. Friends on both sides of the sea are rejoicing in Dr. Stephenson's recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. McBride, of Bombay, are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter (Elizabeth Baldwin) born December 30th. Mrs. McBride, as Elizabeth Viles, endeared herself to all those who knew her during her brief association with the Woman's Board.

We grieve for the Mexican Mission and for the W. B. M. I. that one of their valued workers must resign her post. Miss Octavia W. Mathews LOSS IN went to Guadalajara in 1904, and has been an efficient GUADALAJARA. teacher in Corona Institute, the W. B. M. I. boarding school for girls in that city. Overworn by the unremitting care which such work must bring, she came home to Vineyard Haven some months ago, seeking rest. But the needed strength has not come back, and now she gives up her commission. Our own Miss Alice Gleason is at the head of

the school, and writes that she has helpful and trustworthy subordinates, but she needs a missionary associate, and many open doors for service await her coming.

Many friends of our mission in Ceylon will remember the young girl, Selvathy, of whom Miss Helen Root has told them, and her pathetic plea ANSWERED for our prayers for her father's conversion. They will rejoice PRAYER. to hear those prayers have been answered, and Selvathy is unspeakably thankful that the little island home is a Christian home at last.

This mission has met a great loss in the death, within a month, of four conspicuous Christian leaders, Rev. Charles Sanders, the wife of Rev. S. Veerahatty, the wife of Rev. R. Bryant and Mrs. Chelliah Cooke. The latter was a leader in the work of the Christian women at the station, as well as the children's helper in all good things. It would surprise many American Christians to know the worth and the charm of such Tamil friends as these.

You will find just this same story told in the letter from Miss Jones, on page 135, in the department belonging to the W. B. M. P. The example A TWICE-TOLD which it gives is so striking that we wish to make sure that TALE. all read it, and so give it here also. "This morning I told our primary school of our work in Turkey, and asked if they would like to help with the new school building at Talas for which appeals are now being made. They were so interested, but alas, they are painfully poor themselves. They have no such thing as 'spending money,' so how could they do anything? They thought awhile, and with the teacher's help decided to do without their ration of white flour to-morrow (they have but two a week) and eat no meat next Sunday (Sunday is the only day they have it), and let the price go to the Talas school. To make ends meet our own school has to be run on very economical lines, so that 'self-denial' cannot be practiced to any great extent without endangering the health of the school, for their regular diet is millet, sweet potatoes and cabbage, which will sound to you, I am sure, as being just good chicken feed!"

STARVING.—A personal letter from Harpoot says that word from Arabkir states that fifty beggars in a day will come to one's door, and many will die of starvation before winter is over. Have each one of us Christians in America shared our plenty with these perishing of famine?

The figures given below show the receipts for three months. We are glad to report that gifts for buildings have been generous, and that receipts

THE for legacies are largely in excess of those of the correspond- TREASURY. ing three months of last year. It is a matter for grave concern, however, that receipts for regular work are more than \$3,000 behind

those of a year ago. The fact that the Treasurer of one of our large Branches has been ill and has been unable to send us a report since last October, accounts for \$2,000 of this amount; but there still remains \$1,200 for which other Branches are responsible. We trust that the receipts for February will show such an increase that this loss may be more than wiped out.

FOR THREE MONTHS, ENDING JANUARY 18TH.

	Contributions.	Buildings.	Specials.	Legacies.	Total, Less 1909 Work.
1909,	\$21,749.81	\$410.65	\$511.64	\$6,596.77	\$29,268.87
1910,	18,488.63	6,323.50	409.50	19,555.35	44,776.98
Gain,		\$5,912.85		\$12,958.58	\$15,508.11
Loss,	\$3,261.18		\$102.14		

The children in our Sunday schools find pleasure and help in the picture cards that come to them week by week, and the wall picture rolls, crude AN EASY WAY though they sometimes be, teach lessons that are never forgotten. TO HELP. The little ones in Turkey need this help as much as those here, and Dr. Shepard's appeal ought to meet a quick and generous response. Let us send these rolls and cards weekly or monthly, after we have used them, to the addresses given below. Postage on such packages to Turkey is little, if any, more than to Boston.

Extract from letter from Dr. F. D. Shepard, Adana, Turkey, December 27th, received January 20th. "Since the recent massacres the call for Sunday-school pictures of all kinds is larger than ever before; as I am temporarily engaged in relief industries for the sufferers in this region, I have opportunity to see the needs of Sunday schools and Sunday-school helps in this region, also, in their magnitude. The time has come when Moslem children can be reached as never before. The power of the pictorial is quite as great among these imaginative peoples as in the Western lands. Could you have an appeal made for left over Sunday-school pictures from a large number of Sunday schools to meet this new opportunity? Any colored pictures pleasing to children can be made very useful to the church schools in different parts of the country." For Adana, address as follows: Miss Elizabeth S. Webb, Adana, Turkey-in-Asia, Open Mail *via* London. For Aintab, address as follows: Dr. F. D. Shepard, Aintab, Turkey-in-Asia.

The seventh session of the Northfield Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies will be held at East Northfield, Mass.,

NORTHFIELD July 21 to 28, 1910. It is desirable to plan early, and SUMMER SCHOOL. apply for accommodations to Mr. A. G. Moody. More details will be given in our April number.

SIGHTS AT BENARES

(Condensed from *A World Pilgrimage* by John Henry Barrows)

BENARES is altogether a holy city, and one who dies within its walls is sure of Paradise, even if he be Christian or Moslem, or one who has killed a cow, an animal sacred to the Hindus. Two hundred thousand pilgrims from all over India come hither every year to bathe in the sacred Ganges. A sewer empties its filth into the river close to the bathers, who seem unmindful of the danger.

The old and incurable are brought here that their ashes may be flung into the river, the bodies being immersed in the water before cremation to gain a final blessing. Half-naked humanity is here in swarms, multitudes standing in the stream, with faces toward the sun, dipping themselves again and again beneath the cold surface. Many take internal ablution, lifting the water to the mouth, uttering syllables of some divine name. Seated on high platforms under great straw umbrellas the "Sons of the Ganges," guardians of these ceremonies, overlook the praying, bathing throngs.

The beggars along the banks are most pitiful objects, withered, diseased, maimed, crippled, deformed specimens of humanity, and fakirs are here in all their dirty glory, faces smeared with ashes, and heads a tangled mass of hair looking like oakum, in one case more than seven feet long.

Idolatry seems to be the main business of life in the older streets of Benares, and the shops are full of gods. Cows, "conscious of their divinity," walk unmolested where they will, and the filth is indescribable.

A DAY'S VISIT AT AN OUT-STATION SCHOOL IN W. C. A. MISSION, ANGOLA

BY MISS DIADEM BELL

I SHALL take you to Matenda, for it has not all the comforts we have at Chiyuka, yet has more than we have at some others of our out-station schools. Neither do we want you to have the easiest nor yet the hardest journey.

The carriers have come, so after giving them your loads, cot bed, blankets, box of clothing and boxes of food in which are bread, cake, ready cooked chicken, some tinned meat, tinned fish, tinned milk, tinned butter and some small tins containing pepper, salt, sugar, lemons, and dishes are taken too, as well as some coarse salt, soap, thread with which to buy food, eggs, greens and *umbowe* (soaked mandioc.) When all the load men have started tell the hammock men to stoop with the hammock suspended from a long palm pole, sit in backwards and when all aboard lie down and off we go amid much shouting of "good-bye" from the natives.

We go along over the stream up past Sanambe lo's (Lumbo's father's) village, where all along we must be polite enough to answer such questions as to who is with me, where we are going, and how long we are going to stay. If there are young men about, a couple of them will carry the hammock away. When about half way over and you come to a swampy place be kind enough to keep an eye out for the donkey's welfare, for he and I have to walk together through that bog then jump over the stream. I have known him to miss and his hind legs to go down over the bank into the stream. Then the carriers came back and helped him out, his tail being used as a handle.

When we have gone over three such boggy places, we breathe freely for the hardest part is over, unless, as the last time I travelled that road, a bridge further on had been washed away when we waded in water knee deep across a stream. But after two hours' journeyings over most crooked paths, sometimes worn very deep in places, we'll come to the beginning of Chief Kanjundu's district, where we find a broad road made by his own people. This road will take up fifty minutes of our time. We pass through before getting to this road, a Portuguese trader's plantation of sweet potatoes and sugar corn. When I went through that on one occasion he had all his slaves out to dig the weeds out of this field. I counted 37 women, many of them with babies on their backs, all with hoes upraised, and when the white overseer dropped his handkerchief as a signal to begin work those hoes came down as one, so also at a little distance 36 men stood waiting their turn to be set at work. . . .

After dinner ask some one to *sika* or sound the drum, the call to school. Then there is a rush to the schoolhouse by the men and boys, for they too know by experience the truth of the saying "First come, first served," and as there are not slates enough to go round, those securing them first have possession for that afternoon, so we are not troubled by tardiness. School will be opened by a hymn, prayer and recitation of the Scripture (verse by verse the Psalms are taught and memorized). Everybody must write on their slates or in their copy books (headlines made by the teacher) before they will be taught to read. This has to be made a rule, as the natives think school is for reading only.

The native dress is a loin cloth. In addition to that now we find odd pieces of European dress. It may be a man has on a vest besides the loin



MISS DIADEM BELL

cloth, or a coat. Boots are thought to be a great thing, but even when they have attained a pair they don't always find them as comfortable as they thought. We have seen in the middle of a service boots taken off and placed upon the window sill. There is a better chance for all to earn cloth now than in the olden days, so all, from youngest boys up, have cloth for clothes.

To return to school. After all have written for awhile, the boards are cleaned and arithmetic is next put on, and each one busies himself at it. In our out-stations the fundamental principles are being taught, none having got beyond unless they have been taught at Chisamba. While they are working one after another is heard reading. There is an advanced class reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, translated by Rev. H. W. Sanders; second is the Heroes of the Testament; third class, New Testament stories translated by Rev. Mr. Stover; then the primer compiled by Miss Maggie Melville, which is taught on the blackboard. That is, each beginner is taught to read script first, then print. In every school this is the largest and most important class of all, as so much depends upon the start. There is no need of spelling lessons, as the language is phonetically written. At about a quarter to three all slates are corrected, the assistant has been helping all the time, and after a hymn the boys' school was dismissed.

The drum is at once sounded for girls' school. They are not as prompt in getting there as the men and boys, as they have been working all day in the fields, and as the sun is their clock they don't always judge the time to the minute. The girls and women are all in place though before many minutes have elapsed and the regular routine is begun. The order is not as good because the babies have to be brought, and as those next in size have been away from their mother all the day long they come, too. So we generally have twenty or more wee visitors, who do not consider order or nerves, but just amuse themselves as they please. At about 5.30 all have read or "been read," all have written, all have learned some Scripture, and we go home.

The sun is beginning to set so it is pleasant to sit out awhile till the boy gets our tea ready. He will announce the meal soon, and then retire outdoors until he is called. After tea we'll go to call at the houses. As the women will all be busy preparing the meal of the day, we'll just stop at the kitchen door. As we come to the door they stop pounding their meal and greet us. We ask about their children, fields, remark about the smoky fires, etc., and pass on to another house. Here we may find they are finished pounding and are making the mush. A clay pot of water is just boiling, so she stirs in the meal with a wooden paddle. When it is thick

she takes it off the fire and holds the pot between her feet (as only natives can), and stirs it thoroughly until all lumps are gone, then dips it out into a basket with a large wooden spoon. Two huge dips go into each basket. Then into a small clay dish is put some beans, and a child is sent with it to the men's sitting and dining room. Three or four or perhaps more neighbors gather there to eat their meals together, while the wife and little children eat in the kitchen. Boys from about seven years and upwards sit outside the sitting room until the men are done, then they eat what has been left for them or take their own basket of mush and beans in and eat. Then water is brought and each one cleans his teeth.

When all have eaten, the drum is sounded again and we'll go to prayers. All will assemble there, and just a few minutes will be spent, as at the family altar. It is most impressive, and always has been an inspiration to me to see these people so regular in attendance at morning and evening prayers. After that we'll go home to our hut, and have them come in groups to visit with us. Of course the newcomer will be the chief object of interest, and will be plied with questions as to his country, whether his father is living or not, and the number of brothers and sisters, etc. One has thus many opportunities of getting into close touch with the natives, and soon is their confidant and friend. About ten o'clock we'll say good night, and soon the village will all be in quietness, and we retire, thankful for another day spent among the people so desirous of knowing the way of life, and whose only possible chance has been through the lives and help of the few our Congregational churches have sent out. Pray for these few representatives and native helpers, especially that that name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be manifest in them.

A SUMMER TOUR IN BULGARIA

(Miss Mary L. Matthews, who has charge of the girls' boarding school in Monastir in the European Turkey mission, spent a part of her summer vacation in 1909 in visiting some of the villages of the region. Miss Pavleva, one of her associate teachers, accompanied her.)

WE went on over stony riverbeds, dry in the summer, and through beautiful winding paths at the base of a mountain range, until we reached the village of Koleshino. Here the Protestants had suffered much persecution from other Bulgarians and from Greeks, because they would not give up their faith. The Protestant church was burned by the Greeks, nearly two

years ago. (The evil-doers were condemned at Salonica to one hundred and one years in prison, but at the second trial they were acquitted, after one year in prison.) When we arrived, the village was quite deserted, men and women were at work in their fields, some of them a long distance from the village. At last we saw a woman's head over the wall of a dooryard, and inquired the way to the home of our host. His aged mother was there, and soon our host appeared. Then his son's wife came from the field, and, tired as she was, insisted upon cooking a good supper for us. We sat on the floor of the porch, a wide, upper veranda, where fifty or more of the villagers gather for services every Sabbath, and ate supper; later we slept on blankets spread on the earth floor of the best room. We always take our own sheets and pillows with us when we tour, yet we did not sleep as

well as we usually do at home, but we had not expected to! We had had too much experience in touring to be surprised at what we found, or, rather, what found us!

However, we had to rise early; at half-past seven the preaching service was held. The porch was full of earnest listeners, mostly young men, and it was good to see them. The preacher from Martino was there that day, as every second Sunday. He and we were invited to another home for dinner about half-past ten in the morning. From this home, the daughter has come to our school this year—the first pupil from this village. Her mother is a sweet little woman with a hunger to learn to read that she may be able to help the other women. Now, for the first



BULGARIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

time, a teacher and Bible woman has gone there—one of our graduates. The women took us from home to home that Sunday afternoon, and we had a meeting for them on one of the wide porches. There were fifteen women, twelve large girls and twenty children present. When the meeting had continued an hour and a half, it seemed wise to close it, but one and another asked for a hymn to be sung or a chapter to be explained (one wanted an exposition of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew) and it was hard to stop,

when the women were so hungry. But I must not keep you in this village so long, though it is a very interesting place, especially because the people who are "followers" have borne persecution for Christ's sake so bravely and firmly.

We returned to Strumnitzza early the next morning, mounted on mules, which had a peculiar habit of throwing their heads down suddenly, almost to the ground, thereby keeping us continually in expectation of being thrown off. Once Miss Pavleva fell into the arms of the good brother who accompanied us, who sprang to save her from falling to the ground. We visited the villages of Murtino and Monaspitovo, also, and saw more of our girls in their homes. Some of them are teachers in our evangelical schools—others are married, and we made the acquaintance of their husbands and children. There were many times when I wished that some of you good friends were with us. You would have been interested in many of the customs, as well as the people themselves. At each place something was served in the line of refreshments—Turkish coffee, milk, sweets, sour milk (specially soured), cakes or watermelon, and in one home, sweet corn, boiled, was given as a treat, and we enjoyed it.

A SIVAS GRADUATE

Rev. Ernest C. Partridge, of Sivas, recently visited some of the outlying schools in his district, and gives good news of what he found. After describing some villages and the work in them, he says:—

I WANT to devote the rest of this letter to some information about one of the earlier graduates of our girls' school. If this school had done nothing more than to send out a handful of such teachers its existence were justified. Sarra Khacherian was from the village of Ashudi, mentioned above, came to the girls' school in Sivas, was educated largely, I presume, at the expense of the Woman's Board, and has been continuously for the past fifteen years a teacher in our field. She taught in several places, and was finally sent to Gurun to our school there, where for three years or so she did acceptable work. Last year the Gregorians offered her more than we could afford to pay her, and she went to them and is doing a fine work. Her father was killed in the massacre, and since that time she has given herself completely to the education of girls, supporting her mother and helping to care for her brothers and sister. Her salary



SARRA KHACHERIAN

now, after fifteen years of successful work, is about one hundred dollars a year. She has about one hundred and fifty girls under her care, with two assistants. Her ability as a teacher is so marked that her school committee allow her her own way absolutely, although she is a Protestant church member. She is outspoken in her Christian influence. It was my pleasure to speak both Sundays I was in Gurun in a woman's meeting which is under her care; a union of women from both churches, one hundred and fifty in number, who gave good attention and at the close of my talk made fervent and intelligent prayers. It may be an encouragement to some of the faithful ladies who support the Woman's Board to hear of this successful teacher in Gregorian schools, who is the product of their work.

THANKSGIVING IN SENDAI, JAPAN

BY MRS. J. H. DE FOREST

ON Thanksgiving Day, our Sendai missionary ladies met for a devotional service before our conference, which is held three times a year, to talk over subjects that may be helpful, and as I was asked to lead in this meeting, I took for our subject, "Things to be thankful for" in Japan, in Sendai and in our families. After a general introduction, I asked those present to give something that had made them thankful during the past year, and met with a ready response from them all. One was thankful that her jinrikisha puller had signed the pledge, because his drinking habit was his besetting sin; another, that her parents were glad to have her a missionary; a newcomer, for the extremely cordial welcome she had met in Sendai; a teacher, for the decided growth in good things that she saw in her pupils after a separation from them for a couple of years; another, for the perpetual joy in her heart. A wife was grateful for the recovery of her husband's health after a desperate illness; and another, for so much evangelistic work that it made her sometimes forget her heartache for her girls in America. One woman, whose family salary for a month had been all stolen and who consequently was in much perplexity, was very grateful for the gift by mail in a very few days, before friends abroad could know of their need, of enough money to help until other friends came to their relief; and from one source and another the whole amount was made up to them. Besides this, God had given them a precious little one, and when at five months he took it to himself the great sympathy shown the family by other Sendai missionaries was like that of a big family, and was only a comfort less than the knowledge that the little one could always behold the face of our Father.

I will add but the testimony of one more whose home circle had been broken for the first time during her sixteen years here. She said that she had so many causes of gratitude that she could not begin to enumerate them, and would only mention the largest, the constant consciousness of the presence of the Saviour at her side.

The next day I went to see a woman who was brought to me some months ago because she had so many things to trouble her, and her friend thought that the "Jesus Way" might help her. As I was talking with her the thought came to me that she might be helped by hearing of the



JAPANESE CHILDREN

experiences of some of us who were farther along in Christian life, and so I told her about our "thanksgiving" meeting, for there were several points she could especially appreciate, and a few days afterwards she repeated more or less to one of her friends. Since then I have told several more women who listened with shining eyes to these concrete examples of what Christianity can do for us under various circumstances, and I think they will not entirely forget them.

Since I have been writing this I have been interrupted by a caller who wanted my advice. Some years ago a mother and her daughter were arrested for neglecting the husband and father in his last sickness, and were put in jail until the accomplishment of the post mortem examination, which

showed no sign of any violence or poison which caused his death. But the stigma has remained upon them ever since in a greater or less degree. Now the mother is an old woman, and the daughter is fatally sick, and they are poor, trying to supply means for the daughter's son to finish his course of a few months more in the Imperial University. My friend had not heard the sad story until recently, but for years had felt a pity for the old woman who had had to get up so early and make the fire and put up the lunch for the daughter who had a long walk to her school in all sorts of weather. But since hearing this story she felt so repelled that she had not been willing to



MONUMENT NEAR KYOTO
PRAYERS STUCK IN TREE

pass the door even, and yet her tender heart wanted to do something for them, and so she had sent her servant to inquire, and now she wanted to know what I thought she should do. I said that if they were innocent they had had a hard load to bear, and if they were guilty they must have felt remorse; that Christ would not treat them as if he remembered the past against them, and neither would we if we have his spirit. So I think she herself will go to see them, and I hope I, too, can do something for them. This friend is one who would unite with the church if her husband's family did not disapprove, and she has shown for years the Christ spirit in her ministrations to the poor and suffering.

A LETTER OF THANKS FROM MARSOVAN

(One of the younger teachers in our own school at Marsovan, a girl of whom Miss Willard says that her whole life has been changed by what she has gained there, sends this letter to those whose gifts made possible the new sorely needed building.)

At Thanksgiving dinner Miss Willard explained what the new building was for. We understood before that the building was for the preparatory department. It was a great surprise to us all to hear then of Miss Willard that the seminary department will go there, and in addition to it there will be a course of industry and model cooking. The girls received the news with hand clapping.

One of the native teachers who has taught here more than fifty years proposed that a letter of thanks be written to the benefactors. I think they found the right person to choose to write the letter, because I am one of the most anxious for the building; this is the fourth year I take the girls to another building to sleep.

Thirteen years ago when I first came to school to study, there was plenty of room for the pupils, but year after year as the graduates go out to teach, people seeing their mental and moral progress have come to appreciate the school. Some of the pupils, too, became mothers, and sent their daughters to their own school. It is about four years since the school is too small for us. As I have mentioned, part of the girls sleep in another building; some have to sleep in the gymnasium on the floor, and they have to fold their beddings every morning to give room for gymnasium work. Some of the teachers sleep in the dormitories with the girls, and three of them have been together in a small room. You could see in a day a room once used as a dining room, once as a recitation room and another time as a music room. This new building will put an end to all these difficulties.

The effort of our school is to prepare girls of good character, who will work among their people, and elevate them morally and mentally. In order to accomplish this aim we study the Perfect Character of the world.

Every Sunday morning we have Senior and Junion Christian Endeavor Societies. All the members are put on committees, and so they work among the patients in the hospital, among the girls in the school and half support a girl in India with their missionary money. In the afternoon we have Sunday school. We gather money at every Sunday school; half of it goes to the poor, and the rest to a teacher in one of the Armenian villages. On Wednesdays we have practical Christian work. The girls sew and make fancy work to pay a girl's tuition and help the poor and the needy.

Our girls go all over Turkey as teachers, and with their Christian education and training they stand as leaders among the people. But while most

of them do not continue teaching through their life, the need of industrial training with the mental was felt greatly in the people, and there have been many applications to the school for training in housekeeping; but the lack of money and the lack of room hindered the school to perform this great service to the people until now.

We are grateful to you for your earnest labors. You have done much to us in finding kind friends who have heard the call of the girls of Turkey, and have answered their needs by their liberal gifts to the girls' boarding school. I express to you the hearty thanks of teachers and pupils present, and surely the thanks of the future pupils for the new opportunities we shall have in the new building with your help. With this act of yours, you have not only helped us, but you have set a good example before us; when our country gets free from the troubles and miseries of these days we may form a society and help other countries as you have done to us.

On behalf of teachers and pupils,

FLORITZA KAZAZIAN.

THE NEW HOME AT UMZUMBE

(On September 25, 1906, a swift and fierce fire swept away in ten minutes the home of our teachers at Umzumbe in the Zulu mission. The house was known as the Bridgman House, and the flames consumed not only the building, but all its contents, books, clothing and all home treasures. Now we rejoice that after three years of makeshifts the new house is ready for occupancy. Miss Laura C. Smith tells us a little about it.)

ONE of our native preachers in giving an address at our formal opening amused me by applying to our house a verse from one of our Zulu hymns, "*Tuhlupeko yskuqala, emva ukubusa nje*"—"Troubles at first, then just reigning."

I have written before more or less about the troubles and difficulties that have assailed us, and now I have the delight of telling you about the "Just reigning" at the "Bridgman House." We have had three house warmings—one for our little group of Europeans, including those builders who were still with us, one for our schoolgirls and one for all the station people and community round about. It was at the last of these that we had a big meeting in the church where the remark quoted above was made. We were very glad to have Madam Bridgman with us for this occasion, also the Ransoms. The new "Bridgman House" is on the site of the old Bridgman house where Father Bridgman and his devoted wife lived and labored without ceasing for twenty-seven years. The upbuilding of the school as well as the station was accomplished very largely through their labors, and

we are glad that our house may bear their honored name and keep their memory fresh in the hearts of all the people.

But since you cannot come, you will at least walk with me in imagination about our beautiful new house. You can drive up to our front steps, and you must pause to note that these front steps are quite a feature, for there is nothing like them for miles about. All our other buildings, save the class rooms which were erected five years ago, are built on the ground with but a few inches of foundation above the surface. This one stands two feet high where the ground is high, and on the lower side five or six feet, hence these front steps so imposing to our country eyes, hence also splendid ventilation, a two-roomed cellar, and plenty of light and ant guards, which will preserve the timbers for many years, we trust, from decay and white ants.

The house is well built with the best of cement and thoroughly good material and good workmanship throughout. It will be a credit as long as it stands to the Board and to our work, and we trust that as an outcome of these well-ordered and spacious rooms, added health, strength and ability of the teachers will soon prove to be large interest on the investment. The house is larger than we need at present. We have built for the future. It seemed to me much wiser to put up a good sized framework, even knowing that we could not finish it all off at once, than to put up a single story building complete, which would but unsatisfactorily meet our needs even for the present, and certainly allow no room for growth. Our furniture, too, is somewhat inadequate to our needs, but little by little we shall doubtless be able to supply what is needed. When I remember how much was destroyed by the fire, I only wonder that we are able to furnish the house as well and as fully as we have. As this house is a part of a large institution, by a little readjustment we have been able to supply many of our needs from other parts of the establishment without special inconvenience. Packing cases, too, with a bit of "Yankee gumption" to direct, and a handy man like my native carpenter to carry out and often improve upon directions given, go a long way to make cupboard, shelves, seats and what not.

So come to see us when you can and we will have the house warming, and meantime please accept from school and staff and station and mission our united and hearty thanks for this beautiful home.

(A letter from Mrs. C. N. Ransom tells a little more about one of those three house warmings.)

After the service the people came to go over the house, every room of which was open to them. There were quite a number of outside heathen girls and women in their blankets and clay-besmeared hair, and they, with

the rest, marched through and upstairs. You would have been entertained to see some who had never been up a flight of stairs before as they went up and down. Their gestures and expressive faces were exceedingly amusing. As the floors are board, the children and young people took special delight in stamping across the upstairs rooms and across the balcony. The resounding noise was evidently a great delight to them. After all had looked around to their hearts' content, they went to the schoolhouse where they enjoyed buns and tea. Great satisfaction has since been expressed, and some felt that upstairs rooms must be like heaven.

From the time we first came to Umzumbe, eighteen years ago, the views have been a never failing source of delight, and this new house with its second story, and the clearing away of some of the bush, give a better opportunity than ever for seeing the charming views. We often have breakfast, and sometimes other meals, on the upstairs veranda, and it is a dining room fit for royalty. I wish all who have helped build this beautiful house might meet with us in it, and see with satisfaction the result of their gifts. I am sure it will bring new life to the teachers, and so to the whole school.

MISSIONARY LETTERS

ADABAZAR—WESTERN TURKEY

A paragraph in a recent letter from Miss Farnham, our veteran teacher in the girls' school here, shows us that tired missionaries are much like other weary women, in some ways at least:—

Books take the place of companionship to us. We have plenty of work, but it is all in one line, so there is a good deal of tension. We have no associates outside of our own house. We have plenty of visiting to do, but sometimes the feeling is very strong that we would like to go somewhere. We go out every Saturday afternoon, we enjoy our native friends, love to see our girls, but it is not recreation and we often come home weary, I think you will understand, though I have not made it very clear. So you see books are such a treat. You will not be shocked if I tell you that light books, novels are a treat. I sometimes tell my associates I am so tired of being an example.

The school is so full this year and we are in three buildings. We have one hundred and four boarders and there are so many day pupils. There are five departments: kindergarden, primary, preparatory high school and the normal class. There is outside work, too. We must not let the new opportunities be lost. The church is awake, especially the women. The weekly prayer meeting and woman's meeting is so well attended, and not

only by our Protestant sisters—the Gregorians come and the Bible woman goes to theirs (the Gregorian meeting) every week. Some of the women begged the Bible woman to give them Bible lessons. She told them she was too busy and felt that if she started the class, the bishop would interfere so she told them to go and tell the bishop they must have instruction in the Bible. He told them not to read the Bible in the modern language, “It is a Protestant book.” The women said, “Well, we will go to the Protestants;” so he promised to do something, but of course he will not. The women will make his life a burden, and they will read the Bible and come to the meetings. The Spirit of Liberty is abroad in the land.

TALAS

Miss Adelaide S. Dwight writes:—

School is larger than usual this year; the seventeen Cesarea girls (after six, I believe, last year) and the girls from the Gregorian school in Talas are a fine acquisition. We have sixty-three boarders besides the three kindergarten training class girls and one of our last year's girls who is teaching in the Gregorian school. All but four of these are sleeping in the dormitory, and you can imagine a little of its crowded condition. We really have no business to crowd so many girls into that room, and Miss Loughridge and I have decided that we must simply shut down next year and refuse to take more than we have room for—forty or forty-five. It is awfully hard to turn girls away when they come, bag and baggage—and money—but it's really bad for their health. Still, we have had almost no illness so far this year.

We have had one meeting on China, and the girls are saving their missionary money to send there. Some of them are quite enthusiastic over the idea of helping build the building at Tientsin. I hope those girls will get enthusiastic over ours! If only the people who have money to give could see the places like that one and this one of ours, they'd give the money in a minute!

We have eight in our graduating class, two of them girls who have been out a year teaching, much to their own improvement. Our girls know English enough now to enjoy reading real literature. I wish you could have seen their delight the past few weeks over Enoch Arden, and some of the Idylls of the King. Next semester we shall read some Shakespeare. In history, too, with Miss Loughridge, these same girls are reading the *Story of the Greeks* and *Story of the Romans* outside of class, enjoying them. If you ever have anyone ask what to send us in a box, just tell her we want some good books for our library,—old books, of fairy tales and mythology, and just plain story books. We have a lot of “goody-goody” books, and a lot of good religious books, but the real story books that are literature are

few and far between. Hawthorne and the simplest of Dickens, Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—any of his poems; Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, to say nothing of Miss Alcott's and Mrs. Ewing's and such-like girls' books, we lack almost entirely. It just occurred to me that people sending a box might have old copies of some of these and be glad to put them in if they only knew.

I didn't mean this to be a begging letter, but they mostly turn out so, for one gets to thinking of all the things people in America don't know about us and our girls, and how we long to help them!

CESAREA

When we read this letter from Miss Clara C. Richmond, who went to Turkey last fall, we, too, are glad that she is there, and most thankful that the new building for the kindergarten is already going up:—

One afternoon last week I went for a horseback ride into Cesarea, and, as I went through the streets of the city, every once in awhile I would see a little face from a doorway, which was bright with a big smile of recognition and greeting, or I would hear the clatter of some little wooden "nollens" behind me, and, upon turning, would find one of our little kindergarten children hurrying to overtake me. It made me more glad than ever that I was in Turkey and in Cesarea.

I wish you could see the old kindergarten building as it was when the children were in it. I thought I was prepared for the worst before leaving America, but really I had hardly begun to realize its condition. To think of the little ones being in such a building is almost too much. It was a jubilee day for us when the "firman," or permission from the government, came, together with a note of pleasure and of appreciation of Miss Burrage and her work from Mr. Peet.

Now we are happy to see the work of tearing down going on, for it speaks to us of the time when our new, much-needed building will speak to the people of God's love and wish for them. One day, as Miss Burrage and I were going along the street, a woman whom we passed, said, "They are God's people." A stronger sense of my great responsibility came to me then, and I thought of the building which had been used for the work of God's people. How much it will mean to have a building which shall be known as "God's building," and which shall be an honor to him!

We have some of the dearest little girls and boys. I wish you could see my little "nutt browne maide," with her curly little head and face and hands as brown as a berry. Her mother is very poor, and it means much to this little girl to have such a happy place to which to come. And there are so many more, of whom I must tell you in another letter. I am so very, very glad to be here.

EASTERN TURKEY

Miss Caroline Silliman sends glad word from our school in Van:—

Our school is so fine and interesting that I just want to tell you about it. Last year I thought that I enjoyed sitting in my corner and cramming Armenian, but now I am sure that it was because I knew no better. We are not sitting with folded hands for the lack of pupils, as we thought in the spring might be the case, but our old walls are being strained to their utmost to hold the children who have entered. Several of our classes are so large that we have not been able to receive all who came. We laugh when we think how flattered the Revolutionists must feel over the success of their boycott. We—I—did not have the faith to believe that all things would work together so entirely for our good. We were distressed in the spring about two young teachers, and thought that there was no other way but to let them go. Dr. and Mrs. Raynolds both talked with them, and when they found out how their doings appeared to us, and that they must choose between their outside friends and us, they decided very quickly. Now if you could see them! I think not a day goes by but that we speak of how thankful we are to have them in our school. We have not a doubt but that they are sincere—their faces show it, and their work is A number one.

All the girls are very enthusiastic about school. Miss Rogers puts such a lot of life into everything she does, and though the rules are strict for this country the girls are none the less pleased. Miss Rogers seems to be everywhere at once, and has done a great deal for the school even since I have known it. We do not want to put just the New York rush into our girls, but it is a great temptation to make things go a little more nearly as they do at home.

I enjoy my kindergarten work very much, and am quite proud to be able to make the little children understand. Sometimes, of course, I have to call on one of my helpers to interpret from book Armenian to that used commonly in the homes, but as a rule it is not necessary.

Our school numbers over three hundred now—more than ever before, I think. And now the Usshers are here. They had lovely weather for their inland journey, and made good use of it, traveling day and night the last part to get here on Saturday. They knew how disappointed we should be if they were late. I cannot tell you how glad we are to have them here. With them came the new teacher from the girls' school. She is only beginning, but we are very much pleased with the way she takes hold of things. She has high ideals of school order—something we need very much—and

will be able to give a great deal of help in that as well as in her classes. I never before enjoyed school so much, and I used to think that teaching in our New Britain model school had spoiled me for any other.

THE REAL WORK OF TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

THERE is much detail in such translation. I have in India whole piles of manuscripts which are of preparatory nature. The work goes something like this. To my Joseph, I say, "We will translate the letter to the Galatians." This he will do in connection with the Hindu and the Munda translation. The man knows both these speeches perfectly, for he is at home in Napur; also he understands some English. In six days, perhaps, he will be ready with his translation. Then I go to his great writing table and he spreads it out. I offer a prayer in which I specially implore wisdom from God, the Lord. Then I open my different Testaments, and a pile of commentaries besides. I sit down at the table; opposite me sits Joseph with his translation, with pen and red ink for corrections. He reads aloud the first sentence. I compare it word for word with the Greek and with other translations, whether it can stand as it is or must be changed. Then we discuss it in regard to the idiom. If we have found it correct, or if we can supply the necessary corrections, then we go on. He reads the second sentence aloud. Many times in order to find the right word we must read the whole paragraph once or perhaps several times, and compare the sentences with each other. Perhaps we shall not finish a single sentence to-day. We leave that and go on further. To-morrow we will take the same one again, but perhaps then we shall not finish with it. Perhaps day after to-morrow I shall get it right, but even yet we are not satisfied.

Especially over certain places in the letters of Paul have we stayed and could not get on. Sometimes it happened that the thread of my patience would almost break. I was tempted to scold at Paul, and to say, "Why did you write like this? Why did you not say what you had to say in some better form. Nobody ever speaks or writes like you and nobody can understand you. You cannot have been any speaker or you would have written differently." But again I would be calmed and let my wrath against Paul not appear, when I considered that we cannot understand the plans of God in this obscurity of his word, but they most certainly have some blessed purpose. We cannot understand His ways and his thoughts.

In fourteen days we have perhaps gone through the letter to the Galatians and corrected it. Now I say to Joseph, "Write it out anew." So he does

that while I am busy with other works. When the letter is ready, I send it perhaps to some one else for correction, or I lay it by. Then we go on working on the other books of the New Testament. After a year, perhaps, I take out our Galatians again. We go over it word for word and sentence by sentence. Here and there we must change it entirely. Something, perhaps, that at first we did not see was faulty. It must be again written out clearly and laid by. After two years more I bring it out again, but this time I go through it quite alone. In deep devotion and with many prayers for light from above, I sit quietly by myself and go through it. This is the most important part of the thing, for as it comes out now it will appear in print. Now for the last time it must be carefully copied and made ready for the press. So appeared one letter after another and one book of the New Testament after another. Finally, all were ready. My chief helper with the work was this Joseph, but two of my daughters also helped now and then, especially in the copying. Perhaps we have given ten years to this work. It is not too much to say that for ten years I have given more than half of my time and strength to this translation, and so also have my two helpers. Often we have worked at it six hours a day, and many times have I been in the evening utterly worn out by the much studying. Now when the whole translation is finished and ready for the printing, I first read freely, and my heart is full of praise and thanks toward God, who has helped us hitherto over the many mountains of difficulties.—*Translation from Die Biene Auf Dem Missions Felde.*

MISSIONARY NEWS

JAPAN.—A newspaper reporter, not a Christian, who visited St. Paul's College, an Episcopal school, in Tokyo, was much impressed by the personality of the dormitory officers, seeing that they were there for the good they could do and not for what they could get out of it. He declared that the whole place had a Christian smell!

I passed through tribe after tribe that, as far as I could learn, had never seen a missionary. Everything tended to indicate that they were undoubt-

HUNGRY edly what are called raw heathen; yet the people of many

AFRICA. towns begged me for teachers and preachers. I cannot begin to tell you how my heart went out to them. I assure you it is an exceedingly pathetic thing to stand in the midst of a great throng of ignorant, degraded human beings, who beg for the bread of life, as a child begs his parent for food, when you know you are unable to satisfy their hunger.—

Bishop Isaiah B. Scott.

THERE was an increase in native converts in all mission lands during the year 1908 of 164,000, or over 450 for each day. It required a hundred years of foreign missions, or until 1896, to gain the first million converts. The second million was added in twelve years—1896 to 1908. The present rate of addition is a million in six years.

The report of this mission for 1908 tells us that it now numbers 928 missionaries,—366 men, 250 wives, 20 widows and 292 single women. It works
 CHINA in 210 stations, with 760 out-stations, and cares for 970
 INLAND MISSION. chapels, 8 hospitals, 42 dispensaries, 88 opium-cure retreats, and more than 200 schools with 4,000 pupils.

For many years we have had missionaries among the Tamils in India and Ceylon. Now, it is good to read that through the Indian Missionary Society, formed in 1903, they are themselves trying to spread
 TAMIL the gospel. They have now 12 workers and have baptized
 MISSIONS. 94 converts. They are able to reach a special class of gypsy-like wandering people, numbering toward a million, whom the gospel has never touched before.

DR. F. B. MEYER, touring in the Pacific to visit mission stations, writes :
 “ Too late in life I learn what I have missed in not being a missionary. It is a great and profound miss, that in my case can never be undone ; but here, at least, the fields are white.

The *Missionary Review* tells us that one of the results of the new constitution in Turkey is freedom for colportage of the Bible in Palestine.

THE BIBLE Hitherto all efforts in that work have been severely re-
 IN PALESTINE. pressed, by persecution, imprisonment and even exile. During the last few months a representative of the Bible Society has visited most of the important places in the country, meeting everywhere a kindly welcome. He sold nearly two thousand volumes, the greater part of them gospels, in thirteen languages, two thirds being in Arabic. “ The entrance of Thy word giveth light,” and we may expect that the diffusion of gospel truth will bring light to a region that, for centuries, has sat in darkness.

The *Missionary Review* tells us that not long ago one steamer landed thirty-six missionaries in German East Africa. Only four of these were
 ARE WE DOING Protestants, all the others being Roman Catholic reinforce-
 OUR PART? ments. Can we expect our faith, which we feel to be purer and more Christ-like than that of the Church of Rome, to prevail when their workers outnumber ours eight to one? Why are we so apathetic, so slothful, while they are so alert, so devoted, so eagerly pressing forward to possess the whole earth?

WORK IN BRAZIL

ONE of the most interesting and hopeful facts about South America is the practical unity of language among her ten states. Spanish and Portuguese are both used, but are sufficiently alike to make no real barrier of language anywhere. This fact, together with the likeness of their governments, means that development can proceed evenly throughout the land, and that ideas taking root in one state, especially religious ideas, may be transplanted to another without great difficulty. Brazil is by far the largest of the South American republics, having an area of 3,218,130 square miles, with a population of 18,000,000. The entire connected area of the United States could be placed inside the limits of Brazil, and then there would still be room for the German Empire. Her influence on the other republics is very great, and if the missionaries of the Protestant churches are there in large numbers "when the crash comes," Brazil may become the greatest force for evangelizing the rest of South America.

"The Roman Catholic population numbers about 14,000,000 and the Protestant population about 144,000. Nine missionary boards are reported as operating in Brazil, with a total number of stations and out-stations of 356; missionaries, 126; and native workers, 112. There are 53 reported schools and two publishing houses. Brazil is a country greatly needing a large force of missionary workers. There is a vast native population among the Indians hitherto untouched."

The Foreign Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has in this republic of Brazil 43 missionaries, of whom 20 are men and 23 women; besides 26 native Brazilian ministers, and 48 unordained native helpers, men and women. Their work goes steadily forward, with the approval of the civil authorities; but that preaching the gospel in Brazil is no holiday task is proved by the following account of a recent persecution in Nova Friburgo.

Mr. W. H. Cannada writes: "Nova Friburgo is one of the strongest Catholic centers in Brazil. Just about two months ago the missionaries and native Christians suffered a very bitter persecution. They were insulted continually in the streets and their lives threatened. The sentiment became so strong against them that it was necessary for the government to send soldiers to protect them. And even with the presence of the soldiers it looked for awhile that trouble was inevitable; so much so that all the missionaries and believers were all collected by the soldiers into one house where they could be protected more easily.

"In the very heat of the persecution a group of the Catholic leaders, led by their priests, held a meeting to discuss existing conditions. They

arranged a large wooden cross and had some one to put it on a high mountain peak which overlooks the city. The next morning they declared that it had been put there by the Holy Virgin, and was a miraculous sign of divine disapproval and a heavenly warning to the people not to have anything to do with the New Sect, as the Protestants are called."

Still more fierce is the opposition in Rio, told of by Rev. A. B. Deter: "As I wrote sometime ago our persecutors are busy. The devil overstepped himself this time. We succeeded in getting the facts before the state authorities in spite of the many lies told them by our enemies. The commander-in-chief of the state troops sent a squad of cavalry and infantry to see that the law should be respected. We had our services in the very same place where they drove us out the week before. The priest and his party, headed by the son of one of the leading members of the national house of representatives, went to the head officer before the preaching, and tried to get him to allow them to play a band of music while we preached. He said that they might bring their band, but they must keep still while we held our services, or he would have them put in jail. The priest then ordered all the people to close their houses, and leave the street deserted, but not a window was closed." Speaking of the successful meetings held in spite of persecution, this intrepid "Ambassador" says: "It is a glorious victory, and everyone says that we have done more in these few weeks toward the advancement of the cause, than we could do in our ordinary way in ten years." This is what upholds them in their trial and danger—the advance of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of men.—*Our Mission Fields.*

"It is an interesting fact that the first Presbyterian foreign missionary work ever undertaken was the sending out of two ministers and fourteen students by John Calvin and the Genevan clergy to an island in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. After a few years of successful work this missionary party was broken up, and those who had adhered to them were scattered by persecution. It is to this day, however, an inspiration to Presbyterian mission work in Brazil to know that the very first man who ever undertook such a work in that country was John Calvin."

A SAMPLE OF CATHOLICISM IN BRAZIL

BY R. D. DAFFIN

I INCLOSE the translation of a bulletin distributed on the streets heré last Saturday by a Jesuit priest. This call to devotion was answered last Sunday by a great multitude of women and a few men, all with banners, and singing constantly, "Ave Maria."

“People of Itu, you have heard two voices calling from a distance, one from the earth, the other from heaven. Do you know whose the voices are? One came from Rome, from the high priest of the Catholic Church, the great Pius, the watchful shepherd and father of our souls. He saw ravenous wolves, clothed like lambs, that wish to snatch souls from his care, and drag them into heresy and down to hell. He wishes to turn over these souls to the sure and certain defender, Mary, in a special sense.

“The other voice that comes from heaven belongs to our mother, Mary. She, satisfied and pleased by our gifts and worship of this month, calls us to the sanctuary of her image of Monserrate.

“In other years she visited us, filling our city with her kind blessings; now she wishes to see the people of Itu around her image in her own house. To Mary, to Mary, let us hasten; she wishes to repeat the miracles of other times, to strengthen our faith, to protect the honor of our city, precious gifts of our ancestors; she wishes to extinguish the torch of discord, and to fill our hearts with grace. Let us hasten; the hour has struck. Let our songs of praise to Mary echo over these plains; with hearts overflowing with faith, hope and love to Mary, do not restrain your enthusiasm, but cry with all your strength, ‘Long live Mary.’ Let it resound in heaven; let the angels shout, ‘Long live Mary.’ Let it resound in hell; let Satan tremble, and take his deceitful satellites from our midst, and bind them in his chains. ‘Long live Mary;’ let the cry be graven on our hearts; let it be repeated every day of our life, and it will be the sweet song that we will continue to repeat in heaven, ‘Long live, long live Mary.’”—*Padre Bostolomen Taddei.*

This shows how Romanists talk when they are in the majority. Now do you believe such a religion can save souls? Then pray for Brazil, and for the people of Itu, and especially for us who in our weak way are bearing witness to the power of the Son of God to save from sin, and teaching men to trust in him alone.

TO-DAY IN ARGENTINA

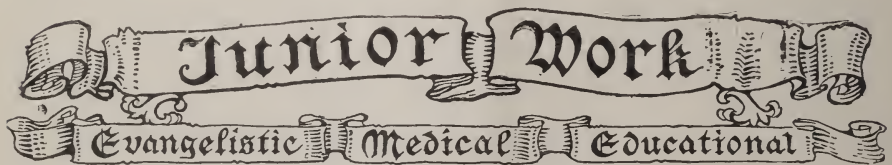
ARGENTINA is destined to have influence in the world's affairs, and it is important that her influence be for good and God. We have not yet to face the problems the church has to face in India, China and Africa. We have not yet the teeming millions, but we are going to have them, and that is just the reason why the Church of Christ must do more for Argentina at once. One writer estimates that if Argentina were populated at the same

rate as Germany it would hold three hundred million people. We now have as many as England had two hundred and fifty years ago, and about as many as the United States had one hundred years ago. Will Argentina grow like them? She has territory and resources sufficient, and the people are coming.

The presence of thousands of truly spiritually regenerate men and women in these nations has made all the difference in their national character, and the same will apply to the Argentina of the future. The converts won to-day will be the evangelists of to-morrow; missions established in every city, suburb, provincial town and country township will await the new arrivals, and form part of the natural growth of each community. Hence, if the church acts now, instead of the Christians of the next generation having to face the problem of the evangelization of many millions who have turned pagan through our neglect, we may reasonably hope that the Christian Church in Argentina may contribute her share in evangelizing other lands. The work can be done to-day with less men, less money and less sacrifice and difficulty than will be the case to-morrow. Every year's delay means that more men and money are needed and more serious problems have to be solved.

“O Christians had you but the will, the power
Is yours, this day, to mould this land anew.”

Who wins the heart of Argentina wins her. Romanism has failed. Materialistic atheism is winning the head but not the heart. Will Christ win the heart? That depends on what his Church does now.—*Regions Beyond.*



THE FOUR-POINTED CULTIVATOR FOR MISSION CIRCLES

Dear Mission Circle Leader:—

May I enter into your case by telling you of the “Cultivator” I used to see in the country when a child? It was an awkward but effectual contrivance for stirring up the soil and freeing it from weeds about the crops planted in rows and hills. Iron points attached to a framework loosened

the earth to a depth which was measured by certain draft-wheels. Whether this implement is archaic, and now replaced by an electric motor of some sort, I shall not try to ascertain. For my purpose of illustration we must fancy the old-time machine brought from the barn in the springtime and dragged by the gray mule up and down in the furrows, the sharp points prodding effectually, so that the growing things had a continuous "fair show."

Out of experience it has been borne in upon me that a mission circle is a failure without a Cultivator. This might have many points, but it must have four points. Used habitually these four points will keep the soil of a mission circle well stirred, and promote healthy growth.

First Point: Punctual preparation. This results in several benefits. It enables you to discover the best material, and from that to make the best kind of a program. Did you ever at the last moment, hurriedly goading your mind, exclaim to yourself, "Oh, if I'd only planned that earlier I might have done"—thus and so! It gives you mastery and calmness in the meeting. It gives you self-respect in prayer.

Second Point: Personal prompting. You, yourself, to prompt the children here and there casually, in Sunday school deliberately, to—do what? To be faithful with mite boxes. To remember the meeting. To bring that member absent last time. Personal contact in one way and another stirs the soil remarkably. Leave the children alone between meetings and watch your fresh green crop begin to wither.

Third Point: Patient plodding. Some one else may be more versatile than you. But "patient continuance in well-doing" will serve you as a fair substitute for versatility. It can stand alone while versatility topples over unsupported by this homely virtue. There are discouragements. I should hope there were some. They are goads to our powers. Patient plodding weeds them right out and tosses them aside.

Fourth Point: Perpetual praying. Use the other three points to stir ever so vigorously, and without this fourth point you fail to touch certain noxious weeds in yourself—self-sufficiency, pride, timidity, slow-mindedness, weariness, discouragement, lukewarmness. As for the children, would you dare meet your wonderful opportunity to impress tender minds, without the Spirit's quickening, warming, enthusing power? Pray through,—through the preparations, through the difficulties, through to victory.

Yours in the service,

MARY L. DANIELS.

[This article is one of a series by Mrs. Charles H. Daniels to be published in this department.—ED.]



Our Work at Home

BUSY WOMEN IN MISSIONARY WORK

BY MRS. JOHN L. SCUDDER

No adjective better typifies the average American than the word "strenuous." How would the diary of the average society woman read?—"Arose, dressed hurriedly, rushed through breakfast, 'hustled' all the morning, swallowed a hasty luncheon, hurried to the club, a 'bridge,' or reception, came home late for dinner, had company all the evening, retired utterly exhausted." And this would not be an exceptional record.

The busy women of whom I have just spoken are not, as a rule, great church workers. Yet we greatly need these women in our work, for often they have splendid executive ability. They are women of power, but their power is misdirected, and the vital question is, "How can we turn their energy into better channels, or how can we interest them in religious work?"

I think of but one way. Bring them in touch with earnest Christian women—women who impart spirituality; women who can lovingly and tactfully show them how to put right values on things. As accessories, you may give them helpful books and leaflets on missionary work; you may place them on your prayer list; yet the greatest need is a woman filled with the Holy Spirit, to give them the Christ vision, that the scales may fall from their eyes as from the eyes of Saul.

If one make a study of the women of various communities, she will be amazed and distressed to see how tiny a fraction of some lives goes to the betterment of the world. Some day these women will find—God grant it may not be too late—that the important things have been abased, and trifles exalted. Some women are anxious about their bridge score; do they ever think that another score card is being kept up yonder, and perhaps it is headed, "Wasted Opportunities"? How do they score there?

This extravagant use of time and money for selfish amusements discourages ministers and missionaries. If religious work is to succeed we must deepen the consecration of the women in our churches that they may become the leaven to leaven the whole lump.

Shall I tell you the sort of consecration we need? In far-away India has labored for many years a devoted medical missionary. His wife, an earnest Christian, left all that was dear to her in the home land, to help him in the

great work abroad. Six children came to them, and not long ago the two older came to America to be educated, leaving a heartache of which we have no conception. Besides caring for her children, the mother has done much for heathen women. Part of this work has been semi-industrial—teaching them lace making. The class was composed of native women, not overstrong and not overfed; and, bending over some of these women, tainted with tuberculosis, the missionary received a touch of the dread disease; so insidiously did it work that no one suspected it until it was seated, when her physician ordered her at once to another climate. Where should she go? No one seemed able to direct her, so she and her husband and children left India, not knowing their destination. He wrote: "Like Abraham we went forth, not knowing whither we went, only sure that the Lord would lead us aright." On the Mediterranean steamship a fellow-traveler commended a Swiss sanitorium, and on landing they gained permission for her to go there. It proved to be one of the most scientifically conducted in the world, and the husband, well satisfied with the divine leading, obtained board for himself and children not far away. The question soon arose as to future plans. The India work needed him, so he put this question, "Shall I leave you here and return to my work until such time as my furlough becomes due, or shall I remain with you? You may decide." She wrote me, "I said to him, 'Go back, for the work needs you more than I do.'"

She was a stranger in a strange land; the language was strange, the nurse engaged for the children was strange, perhaps she might not recover—who knew? Would you or I have thought her selfish if, after losing her health in the Lord's service, she had said, "My dear husband you must remain with me; I cannot live here without you." She saw his dispensary in a far-away land, crowded with the sick and miserable; she knew his ability to minister to their bodily and spiritual needs; she could see the hope come in the faces of those thus benefitted, and she said "Go," and he went.

That is what I call consecration; and if the women of our land had even a tithe of that spirit we should not need to overtax the few to carry on the work in which all women should be interested. Let us pray to have this spirit of consecration. Let us scrutinize ourselves honestly to see if we "ring true." Do we sing, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord; I'll be what you want me to be" truthfully; or would it more nearly tally with our actions to sing it, "I'll go where I want to go, dear Lord; I'll be what I want to be"?

Thus far I have spoken largely of the need of interesting women who are

not distinctively religious, and now I want to give advice to those who have some interest, and yet not enough to be a real support to the cause. The question is, "How to interest busy women in missionary work?" The answer can be given in four words, "Put God's work first." In the evangelistic meetings conducted by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, thousands of cards were distributed, on which was inscribed, "Get right with God." I wish thousands might be distributed with these four words on them, "Put God's work first." This is not always easily accomplished, and it is only possible by making many personal sacrifices.

Let me illustrate. A lady was urged to become the president of a prominent woman's club. She was a busy minister's wife and felt that she could not assume the task. She so stated it to the nominating committee, but under the persuasive arguments that flow so glibly from persistent tongues, "that the club could help in civic affairs, and branch out in large philanthropic movements," she consented to serve, and was elected. The club was not then very old, and needed much organizing, so there were many committee meetings, and the dear woman found there was work enough in the club to occupy her whole spare time, without any church duties. What should she do? "Should she resign?" she asked herself. She took it to the Lord in prayer, saying, "Show me Thy way O Lord," and the answer seemed to come back, to keep the club presidency, but put God's work first, arranging all the club demands around that center. She began to throw club responsibilities on the shoulders of capable women; she passed on to other officers many delightful invitations to club luncheons and receptions. She lost many good times, but she had the joy of feeling that she had "rung true," for when religious duties and club calls conflicted, Christ's cause was uppermost. Oh! if Christian women would use this for their working principle, God's work first, then amusements would quickly drop to the place where they belong.

Friends, do you know that it is the extravagant love of selfish pleasures that is sapping the vitality of the church of Christ? It is this that is decreasing church attendance, thinning out the prayer meetings, depleting our missionary societies; it is even placing a hand over the mite boxes that not so much shall go in; it is deflecting young men from the ministry and making those in the sacred calling prematurely gray. Let us write these four words in large type and place them in our mirrors as a constant incentive to nobler living. Another word to be branded in our memory is "eliminate." Let women study their actions, as an architect does his plans, or a miser his bankbook, to see how they may reject that which is valueless. If they will clip, and clip, and clip away the trifles, they will find time in abundance, not only for the saving of souls in the Christless lands far away, but they will have time to help upbuild women of aimless purpose in our own land.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS

TOPIC FOR APRIL

THE GOSPEL IN LATIN LANDS

CHAPTER VI. MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA; EAST

A map talk would seem to be especially desirable as an introduction to the study of the east coast of South America. Five minutes might be given to this exercise. A second five minutes could be given to the wonderful resources of the country, and a third five minutes to the people, giving most of the time to Brazil and Argentine, the largest and most important countries.

At this point it might be interesting to devote five minutes to half-minute items of interest concerning these countries, to be given by ten different ladies when practical. Then let some one give a ten-minute talk upon the religious and educational needs, and if time permits follow this with a brief sketch of present missionary operations, and the great opportunities in this field.

The Continent of Opportunity, by Dr. Frances E. Clark, and *Missions and Modern History* (Vol. I, Chapt. iv.), by Robert E. Speer, are rich in information upon this topic.

C. L. B.

GRACE SUFFICIENT

BY MISS MYRA A. PROCTOR

(Miss Proctor was the first principal and for many years at the head of the girls' seminary in Aintab. Since ill health compelled her to return to America she lives at Stoneham, Mass.)

IN 1875 we received into the seminary at Aintab a ten-year-old orphan girl from Behsnek, a mountain town to the north. One and a half years later we received her sister, Mariam Arakelian, fifteen years old, who was already a church member and very mature in character. As the girls were orphans their clothing and books were furnished by friends of the school, who, I am sure, never made a better investment.

After completing the course of study, Mariam taught a year in Kessab and another year in Keorkeni, a mile and a half from Kessab, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. She then married a widower, one of the school committee in Keorkeni, whose father testified that their house had become heaven since Mariam took charge of it.

In the course of a year or two her husband died, and Mariam went to Marash and completed the college course there. After that she was matron and assistant teacher in the seminary at Aintab for thirteen years.

Meanwhile her sister had married a young physician in Kessab, who received his training in the Protestant Medical School in Beirut, and Mariam, feeling a deep interest in her former home and in her sister's growing family, went there to live. She took the superintendence of the eleven schools in that vicinity, taught in the high school, and worked among the women. There was no missionary in the place at that time, but about three years ago Miss E. M. Chambers went there, and since then the schools have progressed very rapidly.

When the attack upon Kessab occurred, April 22d, Miss Chambers had gone to the annual meeting of the mission in Adana. At first the people could not believe that anybody would attack them, but at last they sent most of the women and children away. The doctor's family packed food and clothing and went to Keorkeni, thinking that too small a place to be sought by the enemy, or, in case they should come there, it was an easy place to flee from. To their dismay, relatives sent several small children to them for protection, so when the enemy came upon them it was impossible for them to flee any distance, and their party of eighteen hid in a cave in the mountain side. The foe were coming and going like ants, and they were soon discovered.

Three times a Turk came to Teacher Mariam and urged her to become a Moslem, promising her safety and protection; but she steadfastly refused, saying, "I will never give up my religion nor my character. You can cut my throat; I am ready," and she bowed her head. "Give me your money and your clothing," said the Turk. She had on a new dress, which she gave him with her money, and he allowed her to keep her underclothing.

The men were drawing their knives to begin the slaughter, when some one exclaimed, "How can you treat the wife and children of the doctor in this way?" The Turks from Ordoo, a near-by village, hearing this, inquired if these were indeed the doctor's family; and when assured that they were, they took them to Ordoo in safety and placed them in the house of the Greek priest there.

Meanwhile the doctor had escaped to Latakia to get government protection for the mountain people. Ten days later they were reunited, an unbroken family.

Teacher Mariam writes: "I have nothing but the clothes on my back, and this was my very oldest dress. I've not even a comb or a needle, but I am as happy as if I had everything. Praise God! I did not deny my Saviour! God has been very good to me."

The heroism of Christians like these should be recorded for the glory of God and for the encouragement of those who are self-denyingly working for the destitute orphans of the present time.

God be thanked that the dead have still left good undone for the living to do.

LIFE lived for self is not worth the struggle. It is only when we live for the good we can do and the happiness we can bring to others that we are truly and genuinely happy.—*Ex.*

BOOK NOTICES

With the Empress Dowager. By Katherine A. Carl. Published by The Century Company. Pp. 306. Price, \$2.

It was the extraordinary privilege of an American girl to be the first foreigner since the days of Marco Polo to be domiciled in the Imperial Chinese quarters, and the only foreigner who has ever been within the Ladies' Precincts.

The chapters of this book were first published in the *Century Magazine*. The book is dedicated to Sir Robert Hart, "To whose helpful encouragement I owe so much."

In April, 1903, when Miss Carl was visiting in Shanghai, she received a letter from the wife of our minister to Peking, Mrs. Conger, stating that there was a question of the Empress Dowager's having her portrait painted, and if it were affirmatively decided, would Miss Carl be willing to come to Peking and undertake it. Naturally Miss Carl was delighted at the prospect of such a rare opportunity, and readily consented. The result was that Miss Carl was received by the Empress Dowager the 5th of August, 1903; she was invited to remain at the Imperial Palace, and during the ten months of her stay she painted four portraits of the famous empress, one of which went to the St. Louis Exposition, and is at present owned by the United States Government.

Miss Carl shows that she has gift of pen as well as of pencil and paint brush, for she has given us a most readable account of her unique experiences. The reason Miss Carl gives for making public her life at the Chinese court is to protect herself from misstatements made in the newspapers.

She fears that the Chinese themselves will regard it as a breach of courtesy, but as she has only the highest praise for the empress and the entire court circle, she may be pardoned. She evidently conducted herself with so much *savoir faire* that the empress suggested her spending the rest of her life in Peking. The sixty-ninth birthday of the Empress Dowager and the thirty-third birthday of the Emperor Kwang-Su were both celebrated while Miss Carl was at the Imperial palace, and she was invited to be present and take part in the ceremonies.

One of the Chinese ministers to Washington is quoted as saying "that the only unmarried woman in the world whose position is analogous to that of the American girl in her own family is the Manchu girl."

The Manchu woman seems to be, to other Oriental women, what the modern American woman is to her European sisters. As long as the Manchu girl remains unmarried she is a power in the household, ranking as

high as her brother, and preceding her mother because she is of the "blood," and her mother of "another family." They are not forced to marry against their inclination, and if they remain single they are looked up to with veneration, and are rewarded with triumphal arches and splendid monuments if they have passed through a long and exemplary life of maidenhood. Miss Carl tells us that the royal family is so fond of clocks that fifteen are kept constantly going in the Empress Dowager's sleeping room and eighty-five in the throne room. This may account for the early rising of their imperial majesties, as the Empress Dowager never rises later than six o'clock, and sometimes as early as 2 A. M.

The book is well worth reading as a revelation of the daily life of one of the most wonderful personalities that has ever marched across the page of history.

Knights Who Fought the Dragon. By Edwin Leslie. Published by The Sunday School Times Company. Pp. 297.

In story form, this book opens at Peking in the year 1899, and takes the reader through the thrilling scenes of the Boxer outbreak, the massacres of Pao-ting-fu and Shansi, and the horrors of the Peking siege.

The hero of the story is a Dr. Gilmour, to whose original the book is dedicated, and to whose "modest manliness" the author affirms he has done but feeble justice.

G. H. C.

"SURELY the United States has some responsibility in sending a purer gospel to her sister republics of the Southern hemisphere. . . . Since we control the Panama Canal and the Canal Zone, five miles wide, in Republic of Panama, which is a South American power, we can no longer hold ourselves aloof from South American affairs, or refuse our share of responsibility for her welfare. . . .

"Coveting no foot of South American territory, but desiring the best good of both Americas, one duty of North America is to send to the Southland the best education, the best morality, the best religion which she herself possesses, for by thus giving freely she herself will be enriched, and the ideals of both halves of the great American continent will be ennobled."
—From "The Continent of Opportunity" by Dr. Francis E. Clark.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from December 18, 1909 to January 18, 1910.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor. Bangor, First Parish, Aux., 7.50; Belfast, Aux., 5; Calais, Aux., Th. Off., 26; Camden, First Ch., Aux., 21; Greenville, Aux., 5; Island Falls, C. E. Soc., 10; Thomaston, Aux., 16,
Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Auburn, High St. Ch., Aux., 5; Augusta, Aux., 54.50; Bath, Sonna M.

90 50

B., 5; Gardiner, South, Aux., 10; Harpswell Center, C. E. Soc., 2; Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Aux., 10; Portland, Second Parish Ch., 14, Aux., 6.11, State St. Ch., Aux., 87.57. Less expenses, 7.76, 186 42
Total, 276 92

LEGACY.

Bethel.—Mrs. Mary J. Garland, by Edward C. Chamberlain, Extr., 25 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord, Concord, South Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 6.50; Dery, Central Ch., Aux., 32.25; Keene, First Ch., Aux., 50; Littleton, Kathleen Lynch, 1; Nashua, Aux., 45.80; Newport, Lamplighters, 10; Swansey, Ladies' Miss. Soc., 6.05; Wolfboro, Aux., 10, 161 60

LEGACIES.

Keene.—Emily S. Robinson, add'l, 11 65
Manchester.—Mrs. Mary D. French, through Treasurer of New Hampshire Branch, less inheritance tax and plus interest, 483 31

Total, 494 96

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford, Barton, Aux., 16.85; Barre, Aux., Th. Off., 5.35; Bennington, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Bristol, Aux. (Th. Off., 7.72), 10; Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., 25; Chelsea, Aux., Th. Off., 15; Cornwall, Aux., Th. Off., 13.25; Enosburg, Prim. S. S., 5.75, C. E. Soc., 13.20; Essex Junction, Aux., Th. Off., 6.40; Fair Haven, Aux., Th. Off., 9.25; Franklin, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Glover, West, Aux., Th. Off., 8.30; Hardwick, East, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M., Miss Alice Hancock); Hinesburg, Aux., Th. Off., 5; Jericho Center, Aux., 20, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Middlebury, Aux., Th. Off., 19.30; Newport, Aux. (Th. Off., 40.65), 44.86; Peacham, Aux., 25; Post Mills, Aux., Th. Off., 1; Randolph Center, S. S., 2; Saxton's River, C. E. Soc., 10; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 57.53; St. Johnsbury, East, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.10; Swanton, Aux., 11; Thetford, North, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Waterbury, Aux., Th. Off., 23; Westminster West, C. E. Soc., 5; Windham, Aux., Th. Off., 3.20, 380 34

MASSACHUSETTS.

Friend, 5 00
Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berkeley St., Reading, Andover, Abbot Acad., 18.40, West Parish, Jr. Miss. Soc., 15; Billerica, Aux., 2.50; Lowell, Highland Ch., Aux., 10; Kirk St. Ch., 5; Reading, Aux., 33; Winchester, First Ch., 2, Second Ch., Aux., 10, 95 90
Barnstable Branch.—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis, Falmouth, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 10 00
Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Edward Tolman, Treas., 47 Reed St., Pittsfield, Dalton, Penny Gatherers, 100; Hinsdale, C. E. Soc., 5; Lee, Second Aux., 139; Monterey, Aux., 20; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 25; Richmond Furnace, S. S., 3. Less expenses, 13.20, 278 80
Boston.—L. P. L., 25 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah R. Safford, Treas. pro tem, Hamilton, Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 173.50; Danvers, First Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 4.58; Pigeon Cove, Miss Lurvey's Cl., 13, 191 08
Franklin County Branch.—Mrs. John P. Logan, Treas., 3 Grinnell St., Greenfield, Greenfield, Aux. (25 of wh. to

const. L. M., Mrs. A. L. Wing), 20; Montague, Aux., 7.27; Sunderland, Aux., 1.40, Mrs. Emma L. Campbell, deceased, 50, 88 67

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton, Hadley, Aux., 47.10; Haydenville, Aux., 8; Southampton, Sunshine Band, 6; Worthington, Aux., 9.40, 70 50

Marlboro.—Union Ch., S. S., 10 00
Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro, Framingham, C. E. Soc., 8; Saxonville, Aux., 5; South Framingham, Grace Ch., Pro Christo Guild, 33; Wellesley, L. T. W., 1, 41 00

Newton.—First Ch., Sunshine Soc., 25 00
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton, Abington, Aux. (Th. Off., 28), 31, C. E. Soc., 10; Campello, Aux. (Th. Off., 24 55), 124.55; Halifax, Aux., 8; Milton, East, Aux., 5; Plymouth, Aux., 52; Plympton, C. E. Soc., 5; Randolph, Aux., Miss Abbie W. Turner, 25; Quincy, Bethany Ch., S. S., 47; Weymouth, East, Th. Off. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Lucy G. Tirrell), 28.50; Wollaston, Aux. (Th. Off., 48), 58, 394 05

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield, Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 5.75; Holyoke, Grace Ch., 25, S. Cl. of Mr. E. B. Miles, 5, Second Ch., S. S., Kinder., 5; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 69, South Ch., Aux., 27.25, S. S. Kinder., 5, 133 00

Suffolk Branch.—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge, Allston, C. E. Soc., 60; Arlington, Bradshaw Miss. Assoc., 120; Auburndale, Aux., 30; Boston, Central Ch., Aux., 100, Miss Study Cir., 246.50, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 9, Old South Ch., Aux., 593.75, Friend, 250, Mizpah Cl., 40, Park St. Ch., Aux., 15, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 60, Dau. of Cov., 30; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., C. R., 11; Brighton, Aux., 74.73; Brookline, Friend, 20.03, Leyden Ch., Woman's Union, 30; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 76, Friend, 25, North Ave. Ch., Aux., 30, Pilgrim Ch., Woman's Miss. Assoc., 4 50, Prospect St. Ch., S. S., 25; Chelsea, First Ch., Winnisimmet Union (100 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Annie C. Crommet, Mrs. Florence G. Jones, Miss Rosamond Leavens, Mrs. Lilla A. MacNeil), 110; Dorchester, Friend, 20, Harvard Ch., Prim. and Kinder. Dept., S. S., 6.50, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 14, Second Ch., Aux., 90.31, Y. L. M. S., 25, S. S., 5, Village Ch., S. S., 5; Hyde Park, Aux., 110; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., W. F. M. S., Th. Off., 5.75, Willing Workers, 3, Central Ch., Aux., 32; Newton, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., 135; Newton Highlands, Aux., 16.91; Newton, West, C. R., 10.25; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 25, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 59, Mrs. Thomas Hall, 10, Y. L. F. M. S., 23; Somerville, Friend, 35, Broadway Ch., Aux., 33.48, Prospect Hill Ch., Aux., 30; Waltham, First Ch., Aux., 40, 2,694 71

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 9 Ripley St., Worcester, Hardwick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Flagg, 25, Aux., 2; Lancaster, Jr.

Dept., S. S., 1.50; North Brookfield, Mrs. Josephine C. Whiting, 5; Petersham, Ladies' Union, 40.90; Warren, Aux., 3.55; Westminster, Aux., 38.50; Winchendon, Aux., 72.15; Worcester, Memorial Ch., Aux., 4; Piedmont Ch., C. R. and Little Light Bearers, 30, Golden Key Club, 5,

227 60
Total, 4,296 31

LEGACY.

Hopkinton.—Lowell B. Maybry, by George L. Hemenway, Exrs., 2,763 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Friend, 100 00
Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence, Pawtucket, Pawtucket Ch., Aux., 50; Providence, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 23.75, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 12,

85 75
Total, 185 75

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Connecticut Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London, Jewett City, Aux., Th. Off., 4.15; New London, First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., add'l, 5), 10, C. E. Soc., 5; Norwich, Miss M. A. Morgan, 1.25, Broadway Ch., Aux., 153.50; Old Lyme, Aux., 32; Putnam, Smbears, 17.80; Stonington, First Ch., Aux., 39; Windham, Aux., Th. Off., 27; Woodstock, Aux. (Th. Off., 50), 65, Pansy Band, 5,

359 70

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. on Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 212.50; Berlin, Aux., 93; Bristol, Aux., 34.70; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 145.55, Farmington Ave. Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's. Mrs. Leverett Belknap and Miss Maud Stanwood), 17.35; Kensington, Miss. Study Cl., 3.30; Mansfield Center, Prim. Dept., S. S., 2.75; New Britain, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2, South Ch., F. M. S., 40.42, C. R., 3.45; South Manchester, Two S. S. Classes, 9.45; West Hartford, Aux., 16.40; Windsor, Aux., 6,

586 87

New Britain—South Ch., Mr. D. O. Rogers, 200 60

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friends, 768; Ansonia, Aux., 40; Bridgeport, West End Ch., Aux., 20; Canaan, Aux., 10; Colebrook, Aux., 19; Danbury, Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Carrie S. Leach and Mrs. John Morrison), 74 32, S. S., 13.68; Darien, Aux., 55; Goshen, C. E. Soc., 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Ivoryton, Aux., 34; Kent, S. S., 10; Litchfield, Aux., 83.05, S. S. Home Dept., 16, C. R., 8.30; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 17.98, C. R., 6.23; Milton, Aux., 10; New Haven, Ch. of Redeemer, Aux., 67.80, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., 100, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 38.65, United Ch., Women's League, 95, Welcome Hall, S. S., 29.13; New Hartford, Aux., 5; Newtown, Aux., 15.20; Norfolk, Aux., 90, M. C., 25; Northfield, Aux., 37.20; North Haven, Aux., 32.13; Norwalk, King's

Dau. Doorkeepers, 25; Plymouth, 10; Redding, Aux., 3, C. R., 3; Ridgefield, Aux., Salisbury, Aux., 9.20; Sharon, C. R., 6.66; Sherman, Aux., 22.30; Sound Beach, First Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 20; Southport, S. S., 30; Torrington, Center Ch., Aux., 54.72; Washington, Aux., 9.60; Watertown, Aux., 18.10; Westport, Aux., 22; Whitneyville, Aux., 18.25; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 9.13, 2,018 63

Total, 3,165 20

LEGACY.

Portland.—Martha White, by Henry Kilby and Elmer G. Derby, Extrs., 1,000 00

NEW YORK.

Bayport.—Mrs. Jennie Newton Whitbeck, in mem. of Mrs. W. E. Newton, 5 00
Katonah.—Miss Helena L. Todd, 4 40
New York.—Friends, through Miss Jeanne L. Jilison, 37 50
New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, Fairport, W. F. M. S., Friend, 15 00

Total, 61 90

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 140; N. J., Orange Valley, Aux., 50; Upper Montclair, Aux., Th. Off., 53; Pa., Scranton, Plymouth Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1,

244 00

FLORIDA.

St. Petersburg.—For. Miss. Soc., 8 30
Winter Park—Aux., 20 00

CHINA.

Tung chow.—Girls' School, C. E. Soc., 5 00

GIFTS RECEIVED THROUGH BUILDINGS COMMITTEE.

Massachusetts.—Friend, 500; Friend, 500, 1,000 00
Rhode Island.—Friend, 50; Providence, Miss Rowena Campbell, 25; Mrs. John H. Congdon, 25, Mrs. Harriet R. Waters, 75, 175 00
Connecticut.—New London, Mrs. J. N. Harris, 200 00

Total, 1,375 00

Donations, 7,575 82
Buildings, 2,437 00
Specials, 167 50
Legacies, 4,282 96

Total, \$14,463 28

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1909 TO JAN. 18, 1910.

Donations, 18,488 63
Buildings, 6,323 50
Specials, 409 50
Legacies, 19,555 35

Total, \$44,776 98

Board of the Pacific

President.

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Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light,

Mrs. J. K. McLEAN.

COUNTRY WORK IN NORTH CHINA

BY MISS LAURA N. JONES

THIS is the fourth visit I have made this place in the six years I have been in the field, but they have had quite a little native help, and show great improvement, perhaps greater than any other place in the district. The people are poor, but self-respecting, and very much in earnest about having their children get an education. They patronize both the official and church schools, and it does not take long for them to observe that for both mathematics and morals the church school takes the lead, thus by one means or another quite a bit of light is getting into the "East Ditch Village," which is what the name of it means. One boy was at the services to-day, who, a few years ago, wept and pleaded with his mother when he saw her becoming interested in the Truth, not to "jump into the black bag" and be forever blinded to the light such as he was sure he was getting at the official school. They are people of some standing. One brother holds an important position in the official school of the county, while still another brother, on seeing how much farther advanced were some old schoolmates who had been in the church school in Pao-ting-fu, refused to go back to school at all if they would not let him go to the church school, so they let him come. . . . However, this place is one in a hundred, or I had better say in a thousand, for all about are villages where the people have not so much as heard that there is a gospel, while there are others where, though they have heard for years, have not become really in earnest to the extent that they are willing to take time to study. They are all too willing to be saved by faith. When I started on this tour I planned to be out twenty-eight days, but in none of the other villages where we have work will the people have time to study. They are busy, and more or less indifferent, so November 2d I return home, where there are a host of things waiting to be done, and the Bible woman, Mrs. Lang, will go on with the teaching here for another month.

It may not seem worthy of note, but inasmuch as it is the first time it has happened to me I'm going to tell you about it. I have a room all to myself! That is, except for the birds that are nesting in the roof, and some fleas that live in the brick kang. These have made a desperate struggle to put into execution the writ of *habeas corpus*, which they served on me the night I arrived. I made fierce resistance. Both sides have suffered heavy loss. Their side in numbers, and mine in "disposition." I would invite you into this room, as it is as good as you will find in the country village in many miles. Outside it is of mud and stone. The walls are built up about ten feet high, then a log about fifteen inches in diameter is put on across, while from the end walls are laid smaller logs about three feet apart. On top of these are placed sawed sticks about one-half inch square, parallel with the crossbeam six inches apart, and over all is spread a layer of reeds closely bound together, on top of which is the mud roof.

This house has been built many years, and the logs and reeds are all smoked black. The walls have been the same black, only there has been an attempt at whitewashing, and the result is fantastic indeed; yet the fact that even the attempt was made is worthy of notice. One of the industries of this village is the burning of lime, so it is not too expensive to use as it is in most other places where they use only a mud wash if they use any. There is a door to this room of a rickety two-piece variety; opens in the middle, one section to the right, one to the left, but it fastens most securely from the inside with a heavy wooden latch, so no one can come in to investigate me except I permit them. The room is lighted by two high paper windows, which are broken through in places by the birds. There is a hook of wood hanging from the crossbeam, which was used in the days when this room was used as a kitchen, dining and bedroom, as a place to hang the basket that holds the left-over food to keep it from the dog, cat and chickens which are often all over things. But this hook is now vacant, for this room has been advanced to the rank of "study," and on the walls are maps—one of Asia, one of China, one showing the third and fourth journeys of the Apostle Paul and an outline showing the travels and miracles of Jesus. The floor is of mother earth, all worn into humps and hollows, some of which have been more or less evened up by filling in mud, which now dry, is beginning to wear away. In one corner is an empty trunk and a great stone jar, the latter for holding grain, in another a locker with the doors tied shut with a strip of soiled blue cloth, and besides this there is a table and three chairs.

This was the study of a young man when home on his summer vacations. He is now preaching in the Tientsin district. I write of this "guest room,"

not in the spirit of ridicule, but give you some idea of how much the light of civilization lifts them out of their darkness, and yet how far they still fall below our standards, for this man's study would make in America not more than a fairly good stable. When he is at home he indulges in the luxury of a "foreign lamp." It is about five inches high, with a chimney twice that, burns a half-inch wick; but poor as this is, it is ten times better than his wife, along with hundreds of other women in West China, would sew by until midnight when occasion demands, and it often does demand. Hers is simply a bottle of thick, dark kerosene with a wick of paper coming up through a tin lid. When lit it makes a light about the size of the flame of a good-sized match and a thread of ill-smelling black smoke. So much for the "light of Asia," that is, this part of it.

Now to go back to the beginning of the fall work. In September when Bridgman Academy opened we sent six girls, and a week later the G. U. M. School, where twenty-one is our enrollment. October 4th the primary school here at the South Suburb opened, but not with full attendance. However, as traveling improved more came, until now there are thirty-three. This morning I told them of our work in Turkey, and asked if they would like to help with the new school building at Talas for which appeals are now being made. They were so interested, but alas, they are so painfully poor, themselves. They have no such thing as "spending money," so how could they do anything? They thought awhile, and with the teacher's help decided to do without their ration of white flour to-morrow (they have but two a week), and eat no meat next Sunday (Sunday is the only day they have it), and let the price go to the Talas School. To make ends meet, our own school has to be run on very economical lines, so that "self-denial" cannot be practiced to any great extent without endangering the health of the school, for their regular diet is millet, sweet potatoes and cabbage, which will sound to you I am sure as being just good chicken feed.

Schools all started, the next thing on program was the "big meeting" at Hsiao Ch'en, October 8th, 9th and 10th. Three of us went, besides a number of the native brethren. It is about thirty miles from here, and over very bad roads, but the people who gathered in from some ten different villages were made very happy by the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins whom many had given up ever seeing again, at least able to walk. But there they both were, each able to get about with comparative freedom, and Mrs. Perkins had her medicine case along as usual, so everybody could have their aches and pains looked after as of old. They seemed to think that almost a miracle had been performed. Not nearly all the people interested were present at this meeting, but considering the busy season, the about one

hundred and forty who came would count as a fair company. The women were in a room just off of the one occupied by Mrs. Perkins and myself. It was interesting to see the way they disposed of themselves that night. There was a large kang, with its covering of sorghum heads covered with a mat. This was occupied by the old women, while the younger ones spread more sorghum heads on the brick floor, which, with a covering of mat, served as their bed. They lay down in their clothing and covered up with comfortable, but, as there were about three to each comfortable, nobody had "half the bed and all the clothes," unless they got it in their sleep, and as there was very little of that done I think each one held onto her share. The trip was a very pleasant one for all concerned, even if our cart was upset on the way down. It was the first experience of the sort either of us had ever gone through in China, and we are quite willing it should be the last.

CHINA

Letter from Mrs. Estelle A. Perkins, Pao-ting-fu, November 28, 1909:—

MR. PERKINS is a day's journey down in the country to have services with a few Christians and inquirers in a place rather newly interested. Last Sunday he spent with one of the oldest churches. He goes out nearly every Sunday, sometimes for the day only, sometimes starting Saturday morning, and getting home Monday night. Here in Pao-ting-fu he has more than twenty pupils in English; some of them are far enough along to teach the new ones, and I help a bit with the advanced ones when he is away.

One of the men, who was reading with me yesterday, teaches the Hsien magistrate, and says he has a class of girls as well, teaching them the classics, writing, geography and English.

I am keeping well, and get about on my feet quite a bit, though I do not give up my crutches. I have a clinic daily; yesterday there were twenty.

We finished the day yesterday with a most violent dust storm, but this morning is beautiful. There is a lot of dust to be gotten rid of, and it will take the whole family to do it.

We are planning to go to America in the spring, though probably by way of Siberia; so we cannot see you until the following year when we return.

The single lady to take Miss Jones' place! Why doesn't a suitable young woman offer herself? She ought to be here now.

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THE W. B. M. I.

BY MRS. P. F. MARSTON

THE Friday prayer meetings of the Board are very enjoyable and spiritually helpful. We are usually favored with talks by one or more who have seen active service on the foreign field, and the first-hand impressions thus received greatly enlarge our sense of opportunity and privilege in being "co-laborers with God" for the helping of those "who are not of this fold," and who wander shepherdless over the "dark mountains."

More and more is our sense of dependence on God deepening, as we feel the pull and strain of our enlarged financial obligations, caused by the addition of last year's debt to the expenses of the present year. We are learning in greater and greater measure that the secret of the power to lift and carry this burden lies in the faithful waiting upon God, who hears and answers the cry of his children.

At a recent meeting was this specially manifest, when the keynote of the many prayers was not so much for larger financial returns, but for deeper, personal consecration to the work, for a more determined effort to interest and arouse the lukewarm in our churches, and as the basis of all, a greater "hunger and thirst for righteousness" in all our hearts. If, as Christian women, we have these, the rest is assured, for has not God said, "The silver and the gold are mine?" Some wonderful instances of answered prayer were given, and continued prayer was asked for various objects.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," the great bard sings; and we trust that this chafing burden, though caused by slackness in rendering unto God the things which are God's, may yet prove a blessing, if still in somewhat of a disguise, through the deepening of a reliance on him, whose we are, and whom we serve.

To this end we hope that all our constituency, and anyone who may be interested in forwarding God's work, may help us to tear away the ugly garment of debt that enwraps our blessing, and reveal anew the beauty of the promise, "Ask and it shall be given unto you."

For monthly special information concerning our Board of the Interior, its work, receipts, etc., we refer our supporters to *Mission Studies*, the regular publication of the W. B. M. I., issued monthly from our rooms, Dearborn Street, Chicago.

THE JOY OF MISSION WORK

BY MRS. H. A. HITCHCOCK

OVER twenty years ago, when I was starting out to India, a young, consecrated city missionary of New York City told me that she was afraid she was not making enough sacrifice for Christ, and felt that perhaps she should give up all and go to a foreign field. Being young myself I did not know how to advise her, but if I could see her to-day I would tell her that if she wanted nothing but hard times and crosses and sacrifices she had better go to some other part of the mission field than my particular corner of it, for I have found so many happy things that I sometimes wonder, as she did, if I had made any sacrifice after all.

To begin with the country itself, we haven't the dear, old Iowa prairies and the home farms and woods, but we have other beautiful things in nature to uplift us. We can go through the crowded town, and leaving the hooting, howling street gamins behind, go down to the beach and have a quiet hour watching the waves and sunset, and the new moon and the stars come shining out just as they do in the home land, or we can take a dip in the sea, and wash off the burdens and cares of the day.

Then there are things to make us laugh, and we don't forget how. One morning I sent off our eighth-grade girls of Udupididi boarding school to attend a Christian Endeavor Convention fifteen miles away—a grand event indeed in their monotonous lives. I had them wear nice white waists with crocheted edging in neck and sleeves, and tiny pearl buttons down the front, instead of their ordinary plain ones that slip over their heads without a

front opening. Going out to see why they were delayed I found they had taken off all those buttons, and used common pins instead, as they thought they looked better. Didn't I laugh, and make them sew those buttons on again in a hurry!

Then the babies are just as dear and sweet as white ones. My neighbor brought over her little six-months' brown Rose yesterday, and my little half-year-old John set up a howl of terror to see her in all her finery. If she had come in her ordinary modest little slip I think he would have made friends with her. Then Miss Rose laughed at the 'fraidcat boy, and both mothers laughed together in happy companionship.

It was something better than fun when I went out to the school at dusk, and heard various meetings going on in the corner rooms, and came upon a circle of the smallest girls, nine to twelve years old, outdoors, with their heads nearly bent to the ground. Wondering what game they were at I went near and heard them praying, and I went softly away. God bless the dear little things, and bring them into his fold here while they are with us, for it is almost impossible for them to become Christians in their heathen homes, though some of them belong to Christian families.

A few days ago one of our last year's graduates was married. She had become a Christian in school, and for a time was cast off by her parents, but she had strength of character to stand firm, and although she was not perfect in her deportment and had a quick tongue that sometimes brought her into trouble, I was fond of her and glad to stand up with her in the marriage ceremony in place of the usual bride's attendant, as all her relatives are heathen. The young man is a Christian, and I felt honored to have a little part in starting this new Christian family like a little church among them. And wasn't it fun for the school teachers to dress the bride, although they, as modest virgins themselves, were not allowed to attend the wedding, according to Tamil etiquette.

I peeped in to see the fun, and the bride was all ready, as I thought, in the bright silk drapery and roses in her hair, and jewelry, probably some of it borrowed, and even a cheap veil on her head. But no, they thought there was something more needed, and she looked as if she hoped she would never have to wear shoes and stockings again, as they tugged to get the awkward things on her unaccustomed feet.

Then there is the village work with the Bible women. There is joy in carrying the glad message to tired, discouraged, sad hearts; and there are bright things to remember about some of them, too, so that I wish I had more time to go about. But my fifty girls in the school and my one small boy at home keep me pretty busy. There are plenty of sad things and plenty more bad things, but, thank God for the glad things in our work.

Yesterday I went to the funeral of one of our old schoolgirls; one who came out as a Christian from a heathen family, and married a Christian teacher. After enduring great suffering for months she is at rest. It seems sad that she should have to leave her three little ones, but as her faithful pastor at her dying bed asked her if she wanted anything, she said, "Only Jesus." And as the great crowd of heathen relatives pressed around the little thatched mud hut, with their faces full of ignorance and superstition, it was a joyous message that was given to them that Jesus is able to save, and that their dear one is resting in his loving arms.

And so I want to bear witness that it is a happy thing to be where God leads you, and the joy of service is sure to change a sacrifice into a song.

There is even sometimes a song in the hearts of the father and mother whose children are left in America, as their letters tell of brave endeavor and resolve to endure the separation cheerfully.

VILLAGE WORK IN TURKEY

Extracts from a letter from Miss Cora May Welpton, Marash, Turkey. Speaking of the out-station schools, Miss Welpton says:—

THE difficulties of arranging this village work are, under ordinary circumstances, very great. There are so many things to consider in a country like this. Often the pastors are not assigned until late in summer, and upon the pastor depends what we can do. If an unmarried man be sent to preach in a village, the proprieties decree that a young girl may not go there to teach unless her parents live there, or she has other suitable relatives in the place with whom to live. Usually the girl teacher lives in the house with the pastor's family. Girls are under special danger in a town where the moral ideals are not high. Many years it is impossible to have a girls' school in some villages, because there is no suitable family with whom the teacher can live.

The work in Albustan was much delayed last fall because of the sending there as pastor a young, unmarried man just out of the seminary. At last, after we had given up all hope of continuing our school there during 1908-1909, Gurju Mazmanian, a graduate of our college, a woman of some years, and a most unattractive and unprepossessing one, decided that, without injury to her good name, she could go to Albustan. We called our Bible woman from Lapachlu-Baghchi district to go to Albustan to live with Gurju, and to use the unusual opportunities which Albustan presented this year for work. A married preacher was sent to Baghchi to work in that district. His wife could do a work similar to that which the Bible

woman had done. It was then possible to send a girl teacher to Baghchi, and we were happy to send Voski Karabajakian.

Year after year Kharney (Kharne or Kharnu, the last being the most correct spelling according to Mrs. Lee, who is an authority in Turkish) has presented its difficulties. This year good pastor Stephan Hohannesian went there, and it seemed the most natural thing to send his daughter, Zaroohi Hohannesian, as teacher.

The pupils in Kharney were sufficient to make two teachers desirable. Accordingly, we sent Osanna Tashjuyan there to teach a primary school. Her family lived in Kharney this year, also—in some small way doing business there.

The villages to the north have not been touched by the "Sword of Islam" in the present massacre of Christians. Albustan, Yarpooz, Zeitoon, Geben and Geokseun are as yet in peace. For this we are deeply thankful. If no efforts are made against Zeitoon, those places will probably not be plundered nor burned. Dere Keoy was plundered, but no one was killed and little burning of houses took place. The Dere Keoy people fled to Fundajak, and, with refugees from many other villages, were there saved by a company of soldiers sent out from Marash to guard the village.

Apparently the Yildiz plan was for Adana province particularly; another theory here is that the Aleppo Vali is a Young Turk party man, and withheld the order, permission, or whatever is the proper name for the royal decree, which makes these outrages possible.

Kharney and Baghchi have suffered terribly. A pitiful letter came from Osanna Tashjuyan (Kharney) begging that help be sent to rescue them from their present position. She wrote: "All men are killed; the women, girls and young children go from cave to cave for shelter, and some are taken into Moslem houses. We have only grass to eat as animals, and are famishing for food."

Both the German friends and we had already tried to send out a caravan to Kharney by way of Baghchi, to bring in the women and children whose fathers, husbands and brothers are killed, and whose homes with everything are burned and plundered. Nothing was left them but the clothing they wore.

At last Dr. Lee did get the local official's permission to send two soldiers to guard a caravan. Bread was taken in large baskets, and little children will be brought back in the baskets. Only Moslem muleteers feel safe on the roads as yet, and this caravan is costing us about twenty Turkish liras (\$88). But we must rescue Zaroohi and Osanna with their mothers and the others. We expect Voski also to be brought with them from Baghchi.

The little chapels, the little schoolrooms, are gone, sacrificed, like the lives of our native pastors, to Islam. We turn to the ever-generous American Christians to rebuild these rooms. I suppose our work in Kharney and Baghchi is greatly demoralized, and will be again in the most elementary state for years. Zaroohi's father, pastor in Kharney, was killed, as were so many of our pastors. It is too terrible to write, and yet you must know of our condition.

You know from others of the awful state in Adana, and will judge of what our mission has lost. Except that faith is firmly anchored, our hearts would faint within us in thinking of the condition of our work, and of the years needed to get back to where we were before April 14th. And we had just begun to actually believe that liberty lay before the land in truth! I wait eagerly the opportunity to tell the young women of the Interior of our work here.

Extracts from letter from Miss Elizabeth Webb, Adana, Turkey, September 28, 1909:—

We have sixty-nine or seventy girls in the house, and several more coming. I am trying not to accept any more, but it is hard to stop. Yesterday we accepted another orphan—a bright, nice girl. After she had been here an hour or two she asked me for something to eat. Evidently she came here hungry. People are beginning to feel the pinch of hunger, and here winter has not even begun. Then a Gregorian girl came paying six liras—a very nice, lady-like girl. To-day we have accepted another little girl as an orphan—a Greek, whose mother died of fright at the time of the massacre. The father is poor, and has five small children. We try the girl till May. It seemed well to try her with the possibility of a future teacher. They have applied to Mr. Chambers for two of the Bustubian girls. But there must be somewhere a limit to the number we can take. I hear the Vali is much tried with the Armenians for their not wishing to fall in with his orphanage scheme.

A priest came last week to put his little girl in as a day scholar. He said they (people from the Vali) had come to the orphanage and selected nine girls whom they wished to send to Constantinople (to educate), but they (the Armenian authorities here) had not allowed them to go. I asked whether they were to have been put in a Moslem school or a Gregorian. He said "Moslem." . . .

Mrs. Shepard and her teacher of needlework, together with our Aintab teacher (or Aznio Hadadian), are to reach here on Friday of this week, and

the same day we expect Lady Rosalind Northcote and her friend. They come from Constantinople in a private yacht belonging to a friend of theirs. He happens to be there, so is to bring them down. They are trying to get into the new hospital before these people arrive. But everything is at a standstill, because of the effort to buy a certain piece of property in front of the hospital building. The owner wants too much for it, and if they hurry him they must pay his price. As I understand it they have a road-way, but want another small house which is there.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

WHILE last month was devoted to our work in China, this month's letters give us a glimpse of three fields, India, Turkey and Africa.

Mrs. Hitchcock, of India, gives us a vision of the true missionary spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" though she, contrary to the general conception, feels that the receipts of a missionary's life are very large. Miss Quickenden, also of India, shows up on the screen some of the lights and shadows of her work in the schoolroom.

Miss Welpton, of Marash College, gives us a hint of the moral dangers that beset every girl's path in Turkey, and make an unprotected woman's life so hard. It is time for us as Christian women to put away prudishness, and to know the facts about the lives of our sisters in these strange lands. Miss Webb adds another picture of school life in Adana. And then we take a long flight to West Central Africa to Miss Arnott's school, where we find ourselves surrounded with little, black, eager faces, hungry for knowledge.

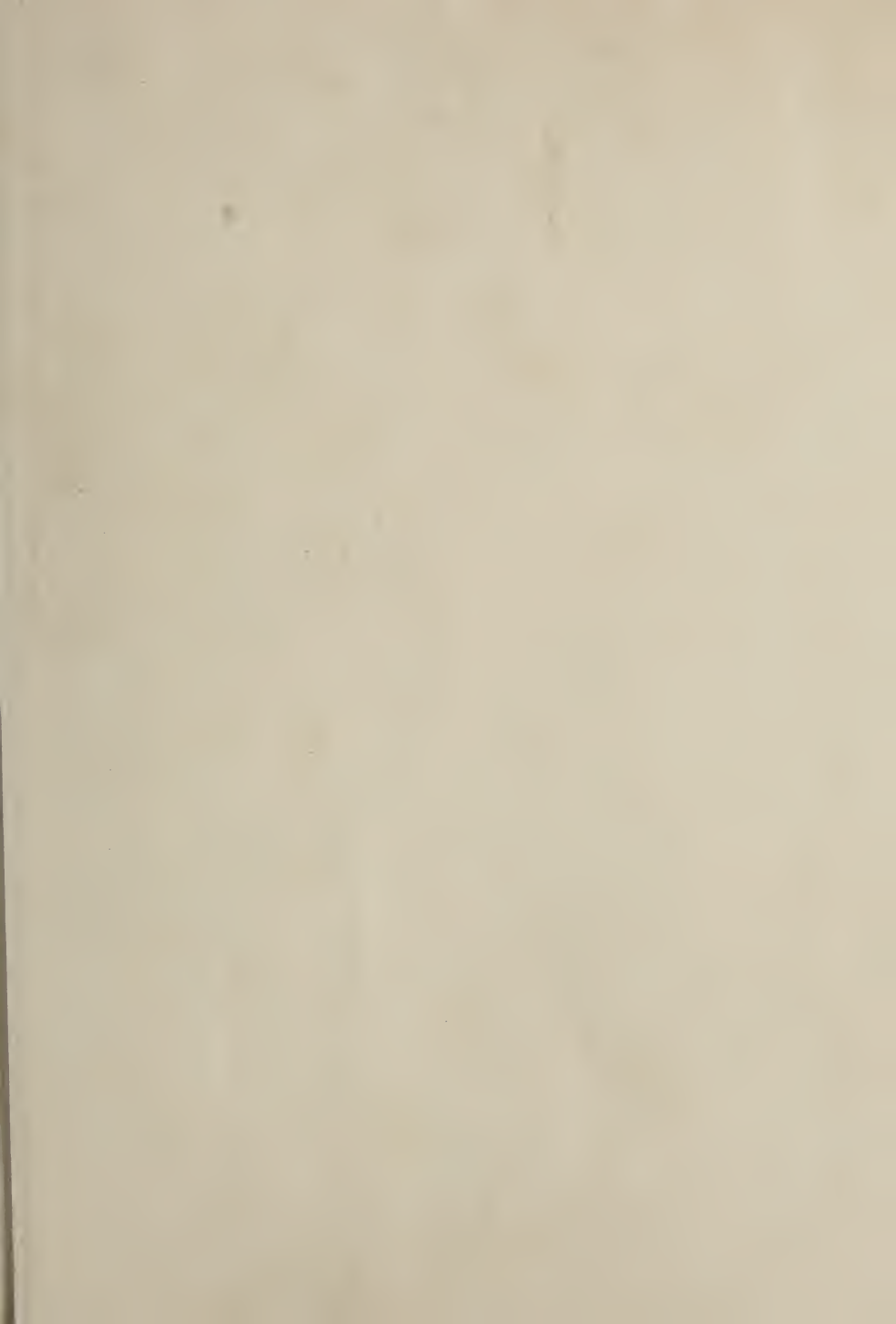
Whether Hindu, Turkish, African or American, we all have the same Father, the same Saviour, and the same primal right to the knowledge of their love.

A GLIMPSE AT AN AFRICAN SCHOOL

Miss Nellie J. Arnott, of Kamundongo, West Central Africa, June 7, 1909:—

THE children's school opened the fifth of October and continued, with the exception of two weeks' vacation at Christmas time, until the fourteenth of May.

The total enrollment was forty-five, with an average attendance of thirty-six, a small gain over last year. In looking over the record of the past three years, I find there is a marked improvement in the average attendance which is encouraging:

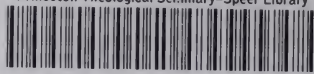


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